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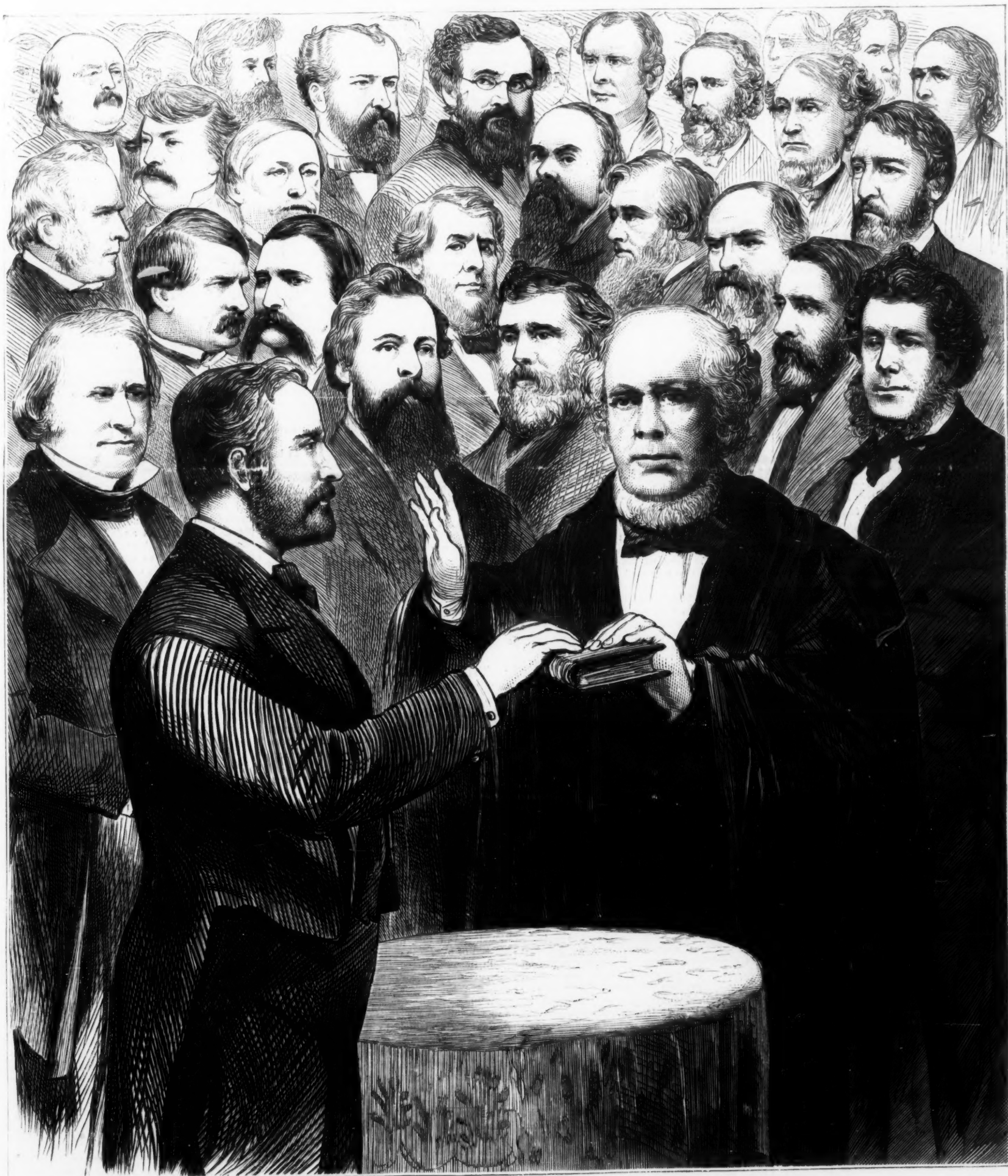
NEWSPAPER

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WASHINGTON, D. C.—THE INAUGURATION—PRESIDENT GRANT TAKING THE OATH OF OFFICE.—SEE PAGE 5.

FRANK LESLIE'S
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 FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, MARCH 15, 1873.

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Our readers will notice, no doubt with pleasure, the announcement that we shall continue to issue our Monthly Supplement, in book form, of thirty-two octavo pages, containing the choicest literature from the English monthlies, published within a few hours after their arrival in this country, making, at the end of the year, a book of four hundred pages, which alone is evidently worth the price paid for the subscription to the paper.

The present number of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER commences volume XXXVI; and we present it to our readers in an entirely new typographical costume.

THE GREAT LABOR QUESTION.

IT is a noticeable fact in the last annual Messages of the Governors of Massachusetts and Maine, that these Officers concur in and announce the opinion that the Problem of Labor, in its relations to Capital, is the great question of the day. To quote the language of the Governor of Massachusetts, "This is a question which cannot be much longer postponed."

The same opinion prevails among the great thinkers of Europe. Socialism—though the fact is denied by their Government organs—has burst out afresh, and in blood, in Russia. It is murmuring in Germany. And it burns, in its ashes, in Wales. The frenzy of Communists, the threatening aspect of the Internationale, are not the offspring of any sympathy which the masses have with Disorder, or with Agrarian notions. The excesses of organized Labor, when it assumes an offensive shape, are only so many acts of self-defense against the oppressions and invasions of heartless and constantly encroaching Privilege and Capital. Driven to despair because statesmen and philanthropists and capitalists seem to neglect and forget them, the Sons of Toil accept such dangerous leadership as the Jack Cades of the hour offer—lunatics and demagogues, who are fitter for insane asylums and prisons than for such a solemn trust as are the interests of Labor.

The time has come when the war between Labor and Capital cannot be safely waged much longer. Capital must be warned in time! Honest Labor does not maliciously envy

the granite palace nor the gilded equipage. Honest Labor is patient, but not patient unto death. It demands work; fair wages; and a just chance to earn its share of the soil; and square recognition by the Government—and with this it will be content.

Look (among the great number of the like which occurred last year) at the Welsh Strike of 1872 for a moment, and observe how, from one single convulsion, the gravest interests were imperiled. Ten thousand coal-miners were reduced in their scanty wages ten per cent., and "struck." By this means 41,000 iron-workers were thrown out of employ for want of coal to carry on their business. Sympathetic industries became involved, until—from this one cause alone—the aggregate of unemployed reached 70,000 men and boys. The result, in its last stage, of this struggle, was the spread of the ghastly Famine Fever, and drunkenness and crime, in a district where health and temperance and content had before prevailed.

While Industry was thus suffering, and hoarding up the seeds of hate for transmission to its posterity against Capital, Capital locked up its coffers, and calmly waited for Necessity to reduce these helpless creatures to its terms. In the single case—that of the Downais Works—over one million pounds sterling were left unemployed by the masters! What the meek sufferers did was—simply to suffer! They committed no trespasses; no outbreaks occurred. They associated in "Trades Unions;" they held "conferences" with the masters. They heard these masters say: "We must make cheap railroad iron, and, therefore, your wages must come down!" And, finally, when the wolf stared in at every door of these unfortunates, they sulkily succumbed, and, who doubts it, with hatred in their hearts, and secret vows of vengeance against their tyrants. For, even while we write, the telegraph informs us that these Welsh strikes have just burst out afresh.

Resting on this Volcano of Hate, which is ready at any moment to belch forth ruin and destruction to society and to all the hoarded gains of selfishness, even despotic Europe is not safe. There, where Monarchs and Nobles rule, and where Privilege is respected, the so-called Powerful Classes begin to feel their weakness in the fast-coming crisis of the conflict between Labor and Capital. To make cheap railroad iron for the benefit of Kings and Speculators, while the producers are torn by the pangs of want, to see these lords of aristocracy fairly riding over their abased necks, is not a spectacle likely to cement Labor in the bond which alone can hold the dependent links of the social chain unbroken—the bond of fraternity and fellowship which binds mutual interests and inspires mutual hopes among all degrees of men. The thinkers of Europe recognize the fact, and appeal to the power of Wealth and Birth to tremble at these underground pulsations, and to be warned before the earthquake overtakes them.

And why should these people not be in fear from this cause? Is not History full of warnings, which repeat the lesson taught by the blind Samson? This generation cannot surely hope that the doom of the oppressor, if it be provoked, will be reversed for them!

If this oppression and neglect of Labor in Europe be a danger in Society, how much more dangerous is such a condition with us in America. Our political institutions rest for their security on the proposition that Labor must govern if we would preserve our freedom. Our vitality does not lie in the ripe rottenness of bloated Capital. Our veins are fed by the blood of Toil, and our liberty depends on the constant agitations of the Ballot, which inspire the laborer with the spirit born of the sense of his dignity as a Ruler. Take away from us this one check on Privilege and Monopoly, and we instantly lapse into anarchy and faction. In such case, if we survive, it must be as a Despotism.

The American Laborer will not long patiently submit to witness either the Government or Capital creating an impassable gulf between him and the rights and recognition which are secured other men. Monopolies cannot long—with safety—increase the price of breadstuffs by cruel freights on cereals, and combine to put up the price of fuel when it is most needed. Politicians cannot much longer—with safety—demagogue it periodically with Labor; refuse it wholly such representation as Capital secures, in a common Government; postpone its demands by windy promises of legislative reforms when votes are needed, and then, when secure in power, offer stones instead of bread to those whom they have thus deluded and used. Congress cannot much longer—with impunity—discriminate against Labor in its subsidies and other legislation. Nor can the leaders in Labor Reform be much longer bribed to betray to Capital those who confide in them.

Our fathers promptly recognized the theory which we here advance. These great men—the last of these champions was Henry Clay—clearly saw how distinctive from all other labor American Labor must be, if we would insure perpetuity to our form of government. And so they really honored Labor, and legislated to help it. They claimed for Labor a fair tariff on enterprise and wealth, when these asked legislative aid.

He who surveys the conduct of our Congress since the war, cannot shut his eyes to the fact that the tendency of our legislation has been to favor Monopoly and Privilege at the expense

of Competition and Equal Rights. And the observer sees the same dangerous fact in the legislation of our States. Labor has no honest, brave voice to protect it in these assemblages. The Railroad is becoming the chief despot. It is absorbing our public lands and overmastering the Government itself, shutting its ears against the cries of patriotism, deaf in its selfishness, blind in its folly, insane in its greed, defiant in its assumptions. Government, infected with the contagion, thinks of nothing but immense jobs, which speedily fall into the gripe of such corrupt managers as those who made up the Crédit Mobilier. We are rushing too recklessly in this direction. We must stop, or encounter a collision which may be fatal to every cherished American interest. Of what avail are the rich cargo and the portly vessel if the ship in which our all is embarked is being scuttled, while we go blindly on, by the hands of desperate men?

The remedy for this increasing wrong is, simply, to reverse our course. Instead of fighting each other, Capital should study the labor problem in sympathy with Labor. The employer should think more of the sensibilities of his hands than he does of those of his petted horses. Capital should combine not to lower, but, in all possible ways, to elevate Labor. Such a combination of hearts and minds would soon result in the most respectful recognition of Labor in all its schemes. Capital would see its interests cheerfully promoted. And in this way our legislators would be compelled to remember that our foundation as a nation rests on the children of toil.

Already murmurs are heard against a certain class of Immigration. The Chinese, for illustration, must be diverted to tropical climates. Broad as are our domains, the speculator has grasped so much of them that competition for soil is becoming desperate among immigrant cultivators. We must discriminate in favor of our own race, and an outlet must be provided by Capital, in the tropical portions of America, for the support of immigrant Oriental labor, so much needed in those vast and prolific regions.

To use a well-known admonition: "Beware of the locomotive when the bell rings!" Do not despise this Labor Problem. Do not leave Labor in its despair to its own wild counsels. Dare not to scoff at it. Champion its just demands honestly. Men of Position, mind, and education! Let not its standard-bearers be the knaves and madmen of a Commune. Let us see these advocates for justice in all the halls of legislation, and everywhere among our large employers. This done, and a new sun will rise over the children of toil, whose influence, like the dews of heaven, shall refresh Labor and Capital alike.

We shall recur to this matter, and, in less space, suggest certain practical reforms.

END OF CONGRESS.

LOUISIANA without a Government, because of Executive intermeddling. The Crédit Mobilier rogues whitewashed. Pomeroy whitewashed. Patterson probably retained. The Vice-President to preside over a Senate which has reported officially that the pious H. Wilson told a public lie, last Summer, when he denied his knowledge of Crédit Mobilier; and rumors prevalent in the Capital that a civil outbreak is probable in New Orleans.

THE MORMON QUESTION.

WE remarked weeks ago that General Grant had acted with promptness and wisdom in the Mormon matter. He has resolved to meet the inevitable crisis—viz., to assert the unquestioned power of the Government over the Territory so far as the enforcement of the laws are concerned.

What the President is intent on removing is, the pretension of Utah to subvert the Federal authority by devices of legislation which strip the Territorial Governor and Courts of power and authority there—under the Act of Congress which leaves the jurors, to serve in the Courts organized under that Act, to be selected in such manner as the Territorial Legislature may prescribe. In this way the Mormon Legislature control the administration of justice, and select grand jurors who will not indict for the offense of polygamy, or else petit jurors, who are sure to acquit those so indicted. And this makes the struggle complained of by the President.

On the other hand, the Mormons assert that the Territorial officers are a mere Ring, formed to drive the polygamists out of the Territory whose wealth the Mormons have created, and that the cry against polygamy is but a pretext under which to mask these contemplated robberies and persecutions. And, no doubt, there is much truth in this side of the case. Our people will demand full protection for Mormon property, and for all the results of past polygamous marriages. But the time has evidently come when polygamy must be checked. It cannot be denied that Congress may constitutionally enact polygamy to be a crime in Utah, by the same authority which enables the Legislature of a State to forbid such marriages within its limits.

At this moment the Mormons are greatly excited. Their organs "welcome Government troops to Mormon coffins." This bluster is natural; and much of this desperate defiance, no doubt, is the result of educational convic-

tion. But, when Polygamy went westw. I into the wilderness, it took its chances for a final battle with civilization, whose advances now inevitably doom the institution. We trust that the firmness of the Government will be toned with all moderation and charity in its action toward these industrious, peaceable, though bigoted and semi-barbarous people; that all their rights and property will be secured, and such compromise effected as shall enable the Mormons to respect and love our common flag. And we are glad to see, since the passage of Mr. Frelinghuysen's Bill, that the Saints appear to be much more reconciled to the status.

GOD IN THE CONSTITUTION.

THE Senate has killed Mr. Windom's foolish Bill for the "suppression of obscene literature," to which we made reference some time ago, by simply letting it die, without notice—for lack of the bottle out of which tender infants are often fed. This is well—and what we expected. But how about those Reformers who hold meetings to urge an Amendment to the Constitution, which shall insert the names of God and Christ therein?

Every once in a while this old beldame Earth has a fit of morals, which jerks some people like St. Vitus's dance; and when it subsides, having the tendency rather to retard than promote the exalted aims of Christianity. Moral excesses become ridiculous. Ridicule cheapens. And when Christianity is lampooned by well-meaning Bigotry, even that Holy Faith cannot entirely escape harm from contact with the keen sense of humor which is so universal in the human mind.

To see a breach of this "moral" sort made in the Constitution, and then to behold the struggle of the Sects for additional "Sectarian Amendments!" What Satirist could withhold his pen, what Cartoonist his pencil, in view of a spectacle—in this age of the world—like to that? And yet just such a precedent is sought after by the folks whom we are criticising.

How different the policy of the Divine Master. How meekly He walked the earth—how unobtrusively! When did He meddle with politics or social laws? When did He ask for reforms in State Government? When did He demand union of Church and State? When did He suggest the remotest hint that His Religion should be ostentatiously recognized by the forms of parchment—or by any other "forms"? He taught us that His Kingdom was not of this earth. That His "forms" were reforms in the souls of men. That to God should be rendered the things which are God's, and to Caesar the things which are Caesar's.

Our Government is founded on the ethics of Christianity. Its theory is broad and liberal and free—therefore, Christian. It has its knaves and thieves and Pharisees in the Temple, to be sure; but an Independent Press is fast disposing of them. Even the Smiler is not quite as bad as the King of Dahomey! And reckless as is our march, and confessedly bad as are the public morals and examples, still, thank heaven, the Church of the Saviour remains as our sure anchor and solid national hope, because it is the guide and instructor of the body of our people.

THE BUTLER PLEA.

A NOTICEABLE speech in the Crédit Mobilier discussion was that of Mr. Ben. Butler, who made the point that the House had no jurisdiction over the accused members of a past Congress. But, if the House had a right to censure, by the same authority it could, of course, expel.

Now, Congress is a perpetual body, like the British Parliament. In the sense, in which Mr. Butler speaks, it has no "past," which can be pleaded as a statute of limitations by any one who, as a member, has sinned against the dignity and purity of the body itself. And it is this inherent right to purge itself which is claimed by those who favored the expulsion of the guilty members.

The famous Wilkes case, which occurred in England in Blackstone's time, asserted and maintained this right in Parliament. Mr. Butler assumes this was afterward repealed, as subversive of liberty. The difficulty in Wilkes's case mainly grew out of the issue, as to whether a member, if thus expelled, and again returned to Parliament by his constituents, should be held ineligible because of that expulsion? Mr. Butler went so far as to say that the House had no right to expel a murderer, or a thief, for his title to a seat involved the constituent right to elect whom the people please. In other words, there is no authority in the Government to protect itself, by inherent power, from a Congress of pickpockets; for, to such a conclusion does Mr. Butler's "logic" run! Admit his premises for one case, and the result of the reasoning must protect any number of like cases. Well may we exclaim with Shylock: "Is that the law?"

THE VOTE OF CENSURE.

WE are too much disgusted and wearied out with the Crédit Mobilier matter to waste space on its pitiful conclusion. By the mere vote of Censure the House not only degrades and

censure themselves, but, by the fact that they assume the power to censure, they give the lie to that feint of "Jurisdiction" which we have considered in another article in this journal. The result of the whole matter is such as we see every day, to our shame and disgrace, in the conduct of criminal law in our miserable Courts.

Let this recreant Congress go home, and holding up the disgraced Senator Patterson as a sacrifice, endeavor, if they can, to spread the leaven of demoralization throughout their constituencies. When they have accomplished that job, they will have finally destroyed the country. The crisis has come at last which will determine whether there is morality enough in America to preserve our Institutions.

THE NEW CITY CHARTER.

THE great meeting at Cooper Institute should have due weight in Albany. It was an uprising, like that which put down Tweed, to protect New York from the new Ring of Murphy & Co., which the Charter proposes to place in supreme dominion here for a series of years, without any power to remove them—without any power in the people at an election to change the system or the men. The city is substantially in the same condition to-day that it was in 1870.

The Custom House Ring's alliance is with corrupt Democrats now, just as Tammany allied with corrupt Republicans in 1870. The same spirit prevails—that of Corruption. It is only a change in the performers. As Tweed aimed to combine colossal political power with omnipotent wealth, so Murphy & Co. strive for the same result. The common enemy is once more at our gates, and should be met by the masses of the people, irrespective of party, as its legions were met and finally defeated when led by Tweed.

This Charter may be a law before this issue meets the eyes of all our readers. But if it shall pass, it will carry sure political death to its engineers. We are convinced, from its past history, that New York will not, in our day, at least, consent to be again bound hand and foot by any knavish Ring, no matter under what party colors it sails. These signs and portents alarm us more and more with the apprehension that a personal Government in Washington is determined to perpetuate itself, if it can find subjects willing to submit. The Murphy alliance, in fact, embraces the Executive Mansion, and Mr. Davenport seems to be the connecting link.

CANADA.

THE London Times and the Poet Laureate of England are at loggerheads. The London Times is a mighty impersonal, not deigning to reply to attacks. But the Poet Laureate is too considerable a personage to ignore. Our readers will remember, because it was in all the leading journals in this country, that the Times, stimulated by the bitter articles against England in the Canadian newspapers after the award in the San Juan boundary dispute, declared stoutly that the North American Provinces ought no longer to be a burden to the mother country, that they were old enough and big enough to be free, concluding in these words: "Take up your freedom; your days of apprenticeship are over." For this, the Times was bitterly attacked all over England, and replied not one word. Lately, however, Tennyson, in publishing a new edition of his poems, has appended some lines addressed to the Queen, in which he dilates in a foreboding way on the tone and temper of public life. Exulting, however, in the loyalty of the nation, he also calls to witness, among others, the loyalty of

"—That true North whereof we lately heard
A strain to shame us—Keep you to yourselves;
So loyal is too costly! Friends, your love
Is but a burthen; loose the bond and go!"

To this the Times responds, declaring that it would be affectation to pretend not to understand the reference intended. "It is plain," quoth that journal, "that the poet had reference to the observations we made," etc. Thereupon it proceeds to justify them, always with the declaration that they were put forth solely in the interests of the Canadians. It declares that their industrial vigor and political capacities remain undeveloped by reason of their resting in a painful state of dependence. "You require the education of self-reliance, and the sooner you undertake it, the better," is the burden of the article. The Times will take back nothing, but reiterates its former counsel to Canada, so the Poet must try again.

We refer to this as a subject exceedingly interesting to us. For, whether Canada joins our Federation, or erect a republic on its own account, it is evident that its apprenticeship is nearly at an end.

LETTERS FROM JUNIUS.

NEW SERIES—No. XVI.

AFTER THE PLAY.

ANOTHER Act in our National Drama is over. The curtain has fallen, and we have time now to recall some salient incidents in the Congressional play. The scene opened with imperial portents, developing in grand schemes of Consolidation, wherein the powers of the States were overlooked utterly by the projectors, and

where Government even reached out its iron hand for the possession of the Telegraph. This Congressional introduction is only memorable as what playwrights call the Argument, as indicating the spirit of the Drama. And who shall say that this spirit was (and is) not imperial?—yes, quite as imperial as was that of the Casars in their day, of white slaves and marble palaces, and of gold and brazen statues, when all the world was Rome, and when all Rome was consolidated in the Emperor.

But these arrogant men became providentially entangled in a net of guilt of their own manufacture; and, to save themselves, they released their hold, for the moment, on the vaults of the Treasury, like disturbed burglars. In this juncture they sought to stifle investigation with closed doors. But the Independent Press of the nation burst the doors open. And then the old story of Adam and Eve was repeated. Then the startled creatures endeavored to find a scapegoat on whom to lay the burden of eating the forbidden fruit; and to artfully contrive a Report which should create such Party strife and confusion as might screen them in a mean and dark retreat from the concentrated public gaze. But only the heads of these ostriches were concealed in that sand. Does not the heart fairly sicken at the contemplation of that record of bribery, lying and perjury—of mountebankism and shallow pettifoggery—of mean, craven bluster, and pale fear at the apprehension of detection—and at the cowardly and corrupt result of the investigation!

Mingled with this National Shame comes the detection of rascals who bought and who sought to buy Senatorial seats; and the spectacle of the prone, debased figure of the only Vice-President of the United States at whose record the concentrated scorn of a nation points, covered by the shield of the Senate.

Thus far in this struggle we behold a mighty victory—the victory of the Independent Press, for to it belongs all the laurels. All honor to its zeal, its courage, its justice, its ability. It has blocked the rushing wheels of Corruption, and "with an outstretched throat" has proclaimed the Right and denounced the Wrong. It has unmasked Hypocrisy. It has silenced the tongue of Cant. It has erected itself into a power before which Congress quails. Through the cliques and factions and tumult of the scene the Independent Press held its course with unflinching step. It has given us renewed hope for the future of the Republic.

A State struck out of existence, so far as usurpation could tell it, has calmly challenged Congress to conclusions. It has revealed the fact that a United States Judge was found to be too corrupt even for the sustaining hand of Mr. Morton; a Judge who offered himself to the Administration simply as an executioner. In this complication General Grant is found to betray inconsistency and characteristic obstinacy; for, in his own Message to Congress on the Louisiana case, he recorded his grave error—and worse, he announced his determination to persevere in it, unless Congress came to his aid. Let me explain here. The President based his Louisiana action on that of Judge Durrell's Court,* which, on the investigation brought out by the Senate Committee, was conceded to be founded on indefensible evidence and assumptions; for that Committee expressly declared that the averments in the bill filed in Durrell's Court utterly failed in proof! The President, in the same Message, declares that he declined to interfere until the suit of Kellogg was brought into the United States Court, when he directed the Marshal to enforce the resisted process of that Court, with troops, if necessary. And yet we all know—for is it not a matter of history?—that while that suit was yet pending, the United States Marshal took possession of the State House, with artillery, by the orders of the President, under date, December 6th. The Judicial process, to which the President says resistance was made, was not issued until several days after the said Executive military order; and of course before resistance could have occurred! The President also informed Congress, in his Message, that it was doubtful what candidates received a majority of the votes actually cast in Louisiana. This he said in full view of the Report of the Senate Committee, which declares: "Considering all the facts established before the Committee, there seems to be no escape from the alternative that the McEnery Government must be recognized by Congress, or Congress must provide for a re-election." Still, in the face of all these facts, the President proclaimed to Congress, that, left to himself, he would uphold the Kellogg Government by Bayonets, as a Government *de facto*. A Government *de facto*, created how? By his own usurpation, made even in advance of the action of his willing judge; and in support of that corrupt judicial ruling, which the Senate Committee, including Mr. Morton, aver to have been founded on falsehood, and to have been wholly unwarranted! Such is the President's technical Government *de facto*. It is in this way that the military mind of General Grant has been misled by his reckless party advisers. As a civilian, General Grant never had the slightest idea of the Louisiana problem. All that he knew in the premises was that he was bold enough to cut the knot with the sword. With the help of Mr. Morton's party tactics, General Grant succeeded in so muzzling up the Senate, on this question, as to preserve his Kellogg Bayonet Government until the new election, in the State of Louisiana, which has been ordered by the United States Senate, shall come off.

Here, then, is a really great event in our history which has appeared on the crowded stage of the departed Congress. The first and last instance wherein a State Government has been created and upheld wholly by the President, and in the interests of a faction!

This Congress has also settled the fact, as I think, that henceforth the President will be elected by a direct vote of the people. Its Electoral and Judicial assumptions in counting out the Electoral vote, seem to have decided the fate of the old Electoral College.

But I am admonished by space to hasten to a conclusion; yet I cannot end this Letter and omit the case of Judge Sherman. Here was a Judge of a United States District Court, and brother of a Senator, who accepted a fee to use his influence as a Lobbyist before the Committee of Ways and Means—of which his brother was a leading member—to induce them to report in favor of the repeal of a certain tax! Think of this condition of the public morals as illustrated on the late Congressional boards! A Federal Judge, hired to influence the

*The orders of Judge Durrell, purporting to decide that the Lynch board was the only regular one, are denounced by the Senate Committee as wholly illegal and void; the decision of the State Supreme Court to the same effect is declared void for fraud and want of jurisdiction. The crowning outrage, however, was the seizure of the State House by Durrell's midnight order. Of this Mr. Carpenter, of the Senate Committee, says: "It is impossible to conceive of a more irregular, illegal, and in every way inexcusable act of a Judge. Conceding the power of the Court to make such an order, the Judge, out of court, had no more authority to make it than the Marshal. It had not even the form of judicial process. It was not sealed, nor was it signed by the clerk, and it had no more legal effect than an order issued by any other private citizen." The usurpation thus begun was maintained by military force.

action of an important Senatorial Committee, of which his brother was a member!

To sum up. Our people learn from the records of this Congress the imperial spirit of the Administration. They also learn from the same source how corrupt and vile their Representatives may become; how a President may be tempted to blunder into usurpation and prevarication; how degraded the Bench may be made; what dangers have birth in that mad chase after gold which seems to have infected the nation like a plague! And they also see the value of an Independent Party, and an Independent Press. By these lights let the masses be guided! We must reform this Government—reform it throughout—or it will perish. And our only hope is in the masses.

JUNIUS.

EDITORIAL MENTION.

WASHINGTON.—The Inauguration of General Grant has been attended by the most imposing ceremonies of the kind known to the history of the Republic. Thousands of persons were in Washington from distant cities. Fifty different civic and military organizations were in procession. The Inauguration Hall was the greatest ever given in the country. A flood of burglars, pickpockets, and detectives perforated the crowds. The bankrupt lobbyists, who have lost lines of projected steamers to be subsidized, gigantic shipyards to be built, bonds to be guaranteed by the Government, and land-grabbing schemes of all sorts, all of which have been extinguished for the present, forced Colfax smiles for the occasion, and all went merry as a marriage-bell. * * * * * The twelve regular Appropriation Bills foot up \$181,006,136. * * * * * The Bill has passed, enforcing the Fisheries Clause of the Washington Treaty. * * * * * The New York World of March 1st has the following: "It has just come to light from the official records of the Post Office Department, that Mr. Colfax was the attorney and lobbyist of Nesbitt, and that he filed an argument in reply to one made by the Attorney-General for the extension of the stamped envelope contract, then in the hands of the very same Mr. Nesbitt. It is there indorsed as submitted by him. The history of the transaction is simply this: When Postmaster-General Randall retired from the department he allowed this contract to continue without advertising for competition. When Postmaster-General Creswell came in, he thought this was irregular, and called on the Attorney-General for an opinion, which was soon forthcoming, and adverse to Mr. Randall's course. It was to this that Mr. Colfax filed a reply, and on this Nesbitt's contract was allowed to run until some time after, when beds were invited." * * * * * The Bill for raising salaries has failed. * * * * * Some time ago Delegate McCormick, of Arizona, in accordance with the wishes of the President, introduced a Bill providing that the Secretary of the Interior shall hereafter exercise all the powers and perform all the duties in relation to the Territories of the United States that are now by law or by custom exercised and performed by the Secretary of State. * * * * * Mr. Horace F. Clark, President of the Union Pacific Railroad, says that over three thousand free passes have been applied for this year, many of them in the interest of Senators and Members of Congress, as well as other officials; but the Executive Committee decided that hereafter no free passes over the road shall either be printed or issued. The *pro rata* fare to San Francisco and return is \$112.

THE Carnival season has begun, forcing the South to smile through her tears. Comus and Momus have enacted brilliant scenes from New Orleans to Memphis. Masks and brilliant processions have crowded the streets in New Orleans, Galveston, Mobile and Memphis. The Mardi-Gras has had its glorious days. Business was suspended; calcium lights glared through fantastic tableaux, ornithological and others. Strangers have packed these cities. The harbors have been alive with vessels and crews in holiday dress. Cannon has roared, trumpets blared, and all that could make "musical discord" has been invoked.

A NATIVE Japanese merchant committed suicide a short time since. He was indebted to the Government for a sum of \$200,000 by non-payment of duties and other financial defaults. Officers were sent to arrest him, but, knowing his fate as a dishonest trader, he anticipated the action of the law by making out a statement of his liabilities and future intentions, which he personally left at the War Office, and then returned to his house and disemboweled himself. The Japanese Gazette, which records the case, adds, very naively: "We hear other instances of self-destruction rumored."

PETITIONS have been sent to the Massachusetts Legislature, drawn by the poet Whittier, asking that the censure passed upon Senator Sumner, at the special session, may be expunged. The cause of that ill-judged action was the introduction by Mr. Sumner of a resolution to the effect that names of battles with fellow-citizens should not appear in the Army Register, nor on the regimental colors of the United States. It is time that Massachusetts acknowledged this shameful error.

MISS MISTALBACH, a teacher in a Government school at Karlsruhe, Germany, in a published letter says: "To the younger children in my school I often read pretty stories from FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, which have been sent from America. They have been of great use to me, as they contain suitable entertainment for young ladies."

THE Great Eastern has now on board two thousand five hundred and sixty-seven miles of cable. The telegraph fleet is to consist of the *Great Eastern*, *Hibernia*, *Edinburgh*, and *La Plata*. The fleet will sail the last week in May. It is expected that the new cable will be in working order before the first day of July. It connects New York and Europe by way of Halifax.

FOREIGN.—On the 25th of February the Ministerial crisis in Spain terminated by the election of the following Government by the National Assembly—viz., Figueras, President of the Council; Castelar, Minister of State; Salermón, Minister of Justice; Margall, Minister of the Interior; Acosta, Minister of War; Teten, Minister of Finance; Chao, Minister of Public Works; Serna, Minister of the Colonies. Figueras declared that there would be no change in the programme of the Government. The preliminary elections for a new Assembly were announced for the 3d of March, and the Assembly will convene in April. Of the monarchical Governments, Italy, Austria, and the majority of the European powers, maintain semi-official relations with Spain pending the formation of a regular Government. Russia seems indisposed to recognize the present Government; and it is thought that Austria and Prussia will finally sympathize with Russia. Germany seems to be "shaky" in her congratulations; and Paris is the centre of the Isabella and Alfonso interest to secure the crown of Spain. The Cortes dissolved, after abolishing slavery in Porto Rico, and other Spanish colonies. The Carlists, at latest dates, were becoming formidable. The Ministry declare, as firmly as ever, against Cuba. Don Carlos has issued a proclamation, announcing to the Army that he is their king. * * * * * From France the most

important item is, that the Germans will not probably evacuate the French Territory until the entire indemnity is paid, the fourth milliard of which will be completed in July. * * * * * Nothing of special interest from England. In the House Commons, February 28th, Mr. Julian Goldsmid, member for Rochester, gave notice that he should ask the Government whether it was true that the actual losses of the United States were \$2,500,000 less than the award made at Geneva, and whether the American Government would remit that amount. The reading of the question was followed by cheers. Rumors obtained (February 28th) that the Khivans would sue for peace. Prince Gortschakoff was about to submit to the Government of Great Britain a proposal for a Special Anglo-Russian Commission, to settle the boundaries of Afghanistan. But whether the Khivans sue for peace or not, the Russian advance will go on. * * * * * The Greek Chambers were opened, February 26th, when King George, in his royal speech, promised reforms in the Government, the continuance of railway construction, and that brigandage should be abolished. * * * * * On the 26th of February a revolution was expected in Hayti. Port-au-Prince was in a state of siege. * * * * * The leading Governments of Europe have agreed to defend Portugal against the aggressions of Spain. * * * * * The Mexican Frontier Commission has completed its labors, and is en route for Washington. * * * * * February 25th, a change of Ministry, and perhaps of Government, seemed imminent in Lima. Dispatches to the 14th of February state that Colonels Garininto and Ceballos, lately exiled to the Amazon, on the charge of having attempted to stir up a revolution in Arequipa, were shot dead at Hano on the 6th, while attempting to make their escape. The people, in consequence of this shooting, which they call assassination, are very much agitated, and manifest a decided hostility to the Government. A few days ago an armed mob forced its way into the halls of Congress, accused the Government of complicity in the assassination, and demanded a change in the Ministry. * * * * * A telegraphic dispatch from London, March 1st, says the Roman Catholic Bishops of Ireland have resolved to oppose the Education Bill, and have sent an address to the Irish members in Parliament urging them to press for its withdrawal.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

From SCRIBNER & Co.: "How I Found Livingstone in Central Africa," by Henry M. Stanley.
T. B. PETERSON & Co.: "The Artist's Love," by Mrs. Southworth; "Rome and the Papacy," and "A Lonely Life."
GEORGE W. CARLETON & Co.: "Kenneth my King," a very well written novel, by Sallie A. Brock.
LIPPINCOTT & Co.: "Hobbs's Suburban and Rural Architecture."
SHELDON & Co.: "Modern Leaders," by Justin McCarthy; and "Philip Earncliffe," by Mrs. Annie Edwards.
LEE & SHEPARD: "The Seven Hills," by Professor James de Mille.
J. E. TILTON & Co.: "Songs for our Darlings."
CLAXTON, REMSEN & Co.: "Dolly's Resolutions."
JONAS SIMPKINS: "Reveries of a Wood-sawyer."

BATTEZZATI, of Milan, is bringing out "Storia degli Stati Uniti d'America," said to be the only history of the United States ever published in Italian. The author is Colonel Louis Tinelli, long a resident of this country.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

THE Seguin Opera Company is to be managed by Mr. G. W. Colby.

THE New York Conservatory of Music gave a most successful entertainment lately at Steinway Hall.

LUCCA was greeted on her recent reappearance at the Academy by an overflowing and enthusiastic audience.

FECHTER's Lyceum Theatre is finished, and yet there is delay in opening it. It is in many respects a beautiful house.

MR. and MRS. DION BOUCICAULT reappear at Booth's Theatre, March 17th, in the new Irish play of "Daddy O'Dowd."

MR. W. J. FLORENCE, the comedian, sails for Europe in May. When he returns to this country he will bring Mrs. Florence with him.

THERE is some prospect that Mr. Mollenhauer's symphony, based on Collins's "Ode to the Passions," will be performed in this city at an early day.

"ALICE," at the Fifth Avenue, "One Hundred Years Old," at the Union Square, "David Garrick," at Wallack's, and "Roughing It," at the Grand Opera House, remain unabated attractions.

"CLAUDE'S WIFE," which is announced for future production at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, was written by M. Dumas to justify his idea that a wronged husband has the right to kill his guilty wife.

RAHEAU, the French composer, once boasted that he could put the *Gazette de Hollande* into music. A Viennese kapelmester has gone still further, having composed airs to a melody of advertisements cut from a German paper.

"THE OLD TIME"—written and dedicated to Mrs. Morris Phillips, by J. R. Thomas—is a very pleasing melody, with one simple instance of modulation. The words, which are quaint and tender, are from the *Hone Journal*.

THE amateur dramatic performance given at the Union Square Theatre on Monday, February 24th, under the management of Mrs. Sheridan Shook for the benefit of St. Barnabas' Home, drew together a large, fashionable and intelligent audience, who, in addition to the pleasure of contributing to a very worthy charity, enjoyed a rare dramatic treat. The pieces selected were "Married Life" and "The Rough Diamond." In the former, Mrs. Shook, as the pretty, petulant, and piquant Mrs. Youngblood, looked and acted the character to a charm; while Mr. George Bowland's rendition of the rôle of Colville was so finished a performance, that we could but regret, for the sake of the theatre-going public, he was only an amateur. The jealous wife of the play made her points with good effect; she read cleverly, and posed admirably. Mr. Henry Leslie was a most amusing Mr. Dove, entering thoroughly into the spirit of the character, and manifesting none of that overpowering sense of a superfluity of arms and legs so peculiar to amateurs. A musical interlude owed much of its merit to the admirable voice of Mrs. Major Terry. "The Rough Diamond" afforded full opportunity for the display of Mrs. Shook's dramatic power. Her dainty little feet had never before "trod the boards," and yet her rendition of the character of Margery would have done credit to a professional high up in the ranks. Scarcely less pretty in her exquisite peasant's costume than in all the bewitching fascinations of her silk and lace and diamonds, she was so arch, so of her silk and lace and diamonds, she was so arch, so switching and graceful in the commission of her social soleisms, that the absurdity in the construction of the play is forgotten; and we do not wonder that her ultra insidions and titled husband (Sir William Evergreen) should have "stooped to wed with one of low degree." Mr. Bowland's Cousin Joe was admirable. The performance netted \$1,250.

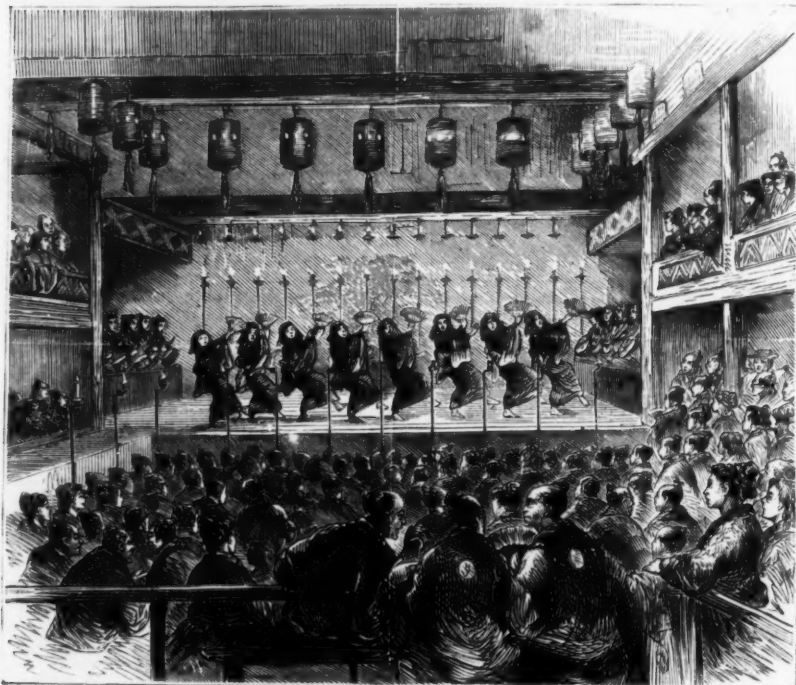
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 7.



ENGLAND.—THE STRIKE IN SOUTH WALES—MINERS GATHERING "SHINDLES" FOR FUEL.



ENGLAND.—SKETCHES IN NEWGATE—THE COLLECTION OF CASTS.



JAPAN.—A JAPANESE BALLET AT THE THEATRE OF KYOTO.



CAIRO, EGYPT.—DEPARTURE OF THE KHÉDIVE FROM HIS PALACE OF EL MIHIEH, AFTER THE SIGNATURE OF HIS SON'S MARRIAGE CONTRACT.



ENGLAND.—INSPECTION OF THE NEW CORPS OF ROYAL NAVAL VOLUNTEERS BY REAR ADMIRAL TARLETON, C.B., ON BOARD H.M.S. "PRESIDENT."



PRUSSIA.—SKETCHES IN BERLIN—SUNDAY AT THE MUSEUM.



WASHINGTON, D. C.—THE INAUGURATION—THE PRESIDENT, VICE PRESIDENT, AND CABINET, LEAVING THE CABINET CHAMBER IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

PRESIDENT GRANT'S SECOND INAUGURATION.

FOUR years ago, PRESIDENT ULYSSES S. GRANT assumed the high position of Chief Magistrate of this Republic for the first time; and now we record some interesting items of his career, and also the circumstances and incidents attending his inauguration for a second term. Our readers are familiar with the events of the last momentous campaign and election, so that reference to either at this late period would be superfluous.

Ulysses S. Grant was born, in the year 1823, at Point Pleasant, O. He entered West Point in 1839, and graduated, June 30th, 1843, brevet Lieutenant of Infantry. He participated in the Mexican campaigns under Generals Taylor and Scott. After various services South and West, he resigned, in July, 1854, his Captaincy, which he had obtained in 1853, and settled in Missouri, whence he removed to Galena, Ill., in 1860. From that time until the outbreak of the late civil war, he remained in private life. In 1861 he acted as first Aide-de-camp to the Governor of Illinois, and afterward went into active service as Colonel of the Twenty-first Illinois Volunteers. Later on in the same year he fought the battle of Belmont, and in the February following, took Fort Donelson. With his succeeding military career and its consequences, the world is familiar; and it is useless to reiterate what has so often been published. His political life now engrosses public attention.

President Grant is the eighteenth Chief Magistrate of the United States, and the seventh re-elected to a second term. Our illustrations furnish scenes and events which occurred at the national capital on the 4th inst.

On our front page President Grant is represented in the act of taking the customary Oath of Office. Then follow in succession the several features of the great event of the day. There are the President, the Vice-President, and the Cabinet, preparing to leave the White House for the Capitol; then they are seen entering the latter place; next, in procession toward the Senate Chamber through the Ro-

tunda; and, as seen in the large double page-picture, seated on the platform in front of the Capitol, the Presidential party occupy positions from which they witness the grand procession defiling into the grounds. The Old Guard are first; the West Point Cadets in the foreground are marching past, and the New York German Regiment are also visible. Beside these drawings are several smaller ones affording views of the procession on Pennsylvania Avenue and in other parts of the city.

The following was the programme for the ceremonies as provided by Senators Cragin, Logan and Bayard, the Committee of Arrangements. The doors of the Senate Chamber were to have been opened at 11 o'clock P. M. for the admission of Senators, who were to enter in this order:

Ex-Presidents and Vice-Presidents.
Chief Justices and Associate Justices of the Supreme Court.
Diplomatic Corps, Heads of Departments, ex-

Members of either branch of Congress, and Members-elect.

Officers of the Army and Navy who by name have received the thanks of Congress; Governors and ex-Governors of the States.

The gallery immediately at the left of the Diplomatic Gallery was reserved for Assistant Secretaries of Departments, and the Assistant Postmaster-General, the Assistant Attorney-General, and the Judge Advocate General; Heads of Bureaus of War and Navy Departments; the Comptroller, Auditor and Register of the Treasury; the Solicitors of the several Departments; Treasurer, Commissioners, Judges of the Federal Courts and the Supreme Courts of the several States. Cards securing admission for these gentlemen to the building and the gallery reserved for their occupancy were furnished by the Sergeant-at-Arms. The Diplomatic Gallery was reserved for the families of the Diplomatic Corps. All of the foregoing entered at the east

door of the Senate wing of the Capitol, on the lower floor. The families of the President and Vice-President-elect, and of ex-Presidents and Vice-Presidents, of Senators, Heads of Departments, and of the Judges of the Supreme Court, entered at the north door of the Senate wing, and occupied the gallery directly to the right of the Diplomatic Gallery. The other galleries, with the exception of the Reporters' Gallery, were thrown open to ticket-holders, who entered the Capitol by the bronze doors of the Senate wing, which were opened at 11 o'clock precisely. A seat was placed in front of the Secretary's table for the President of the United States, President-elect, and on his left for the Committee of Arrangements. The ex-Presidents and Vice-Presidents, the Chief Justice and Associate Justices of the Supreme Court, had seats on the right of the chair. The Diplomatic Corps occupied seats on the right of the chair, next to the Supreme Court. Heads of Departments occupied seats on the left of the chair.

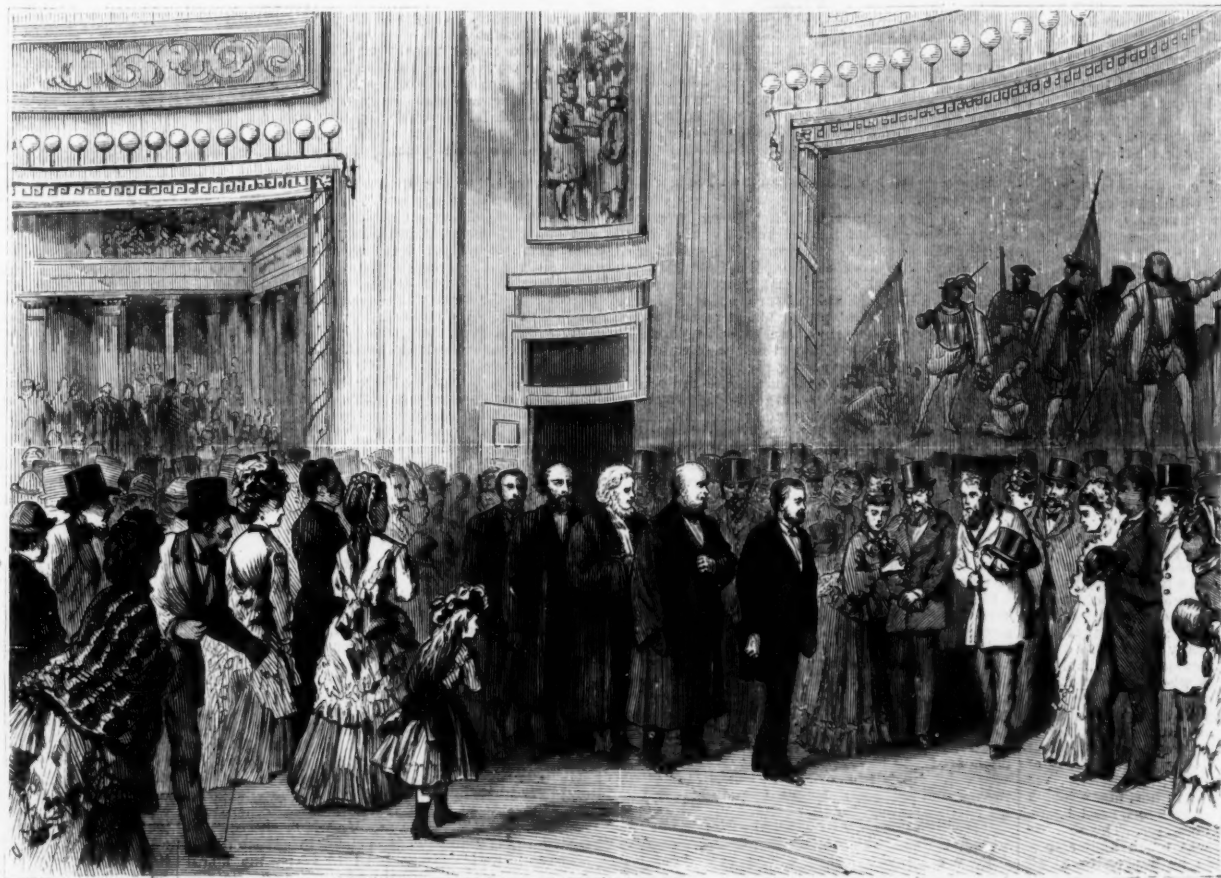
Officers of the Army and Navy who by name have received the thanks of Congress, and Governors and ex-Governors of the States, occupied seats on the right of the main entrance. Ex-members of Congress and Members-elect entered the Senate Chamber by the main entrance, and sat on the right of the chair, in rear of the Diplomatic Corps. The Rotunda was closed, and the passage leading thereto kept clear.

The other doors of the entrances to the Capitol, except those to be opened under this arrangement, were closed.

At eleven o'clock the President, President-elect, accompanied by two members of the Committee of Arrangements, proceeded in a carriage to the east door of the north wing of the Capitol, and, entering there, went to the President's room. The Vice-President and President-elect were accompanied to the Capitol by a member of the Committee of Arrangements, and conducted to the Vice-President's room, and afterward into the Senate Chamber.

The Diplomatic Corps assembled in the Marble Room, and thence proceeded in a body to the Senate Chamber.

The Diplomatic Corps and Justices of the Supreme Court entered the Senate Chamber a few minutes before the President-elect. The



WASHINGTON, D. C.—THE INAUGURATION—THE PROCESSION FROM THE SENATE CHAMBER PASSING THROUGH THE ROTUNDA TO THE EAST STEPS OF THE CAPITOL.

Senate assembled at twelve o'clock. The Senate being ready for his reception, the President-elect was introduced by the Committee of Arrangements to the seat prepared for him in the Senate Chamber. After completing the organization of the Senate, those assembled in the Chamber proceeded to the platform on the central portico of the Capitol in the following order:

The Marshal of the Supreme Court, ex-Presidents and ex-Vice-Presidents, the Supreme Court of the United States, the Sergeant-at-Arms of the Senate, the Members of the Senate, the Diplomatic Corps, Heads of Departments, ex-Members of the House of Representatives and Members-elect of the Forty-third Congress, Governors of States, and other persons who had been admitted to the floor of the Senate Chamber and to the reserved seats at the left of the Diplomatic Gallery. On reaching the portico, the President, President-elect, took the seat provided for him on the front of the platform; the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court on his right, and the Sergeant-at-Arms of the Senate on his left. The Committee of Arrangements occupied a position in the rear of the President, President-elect. Next in rear of these, ex-Presidents and ex-Vice-Presidents and Associate Justices of the Supreme Court sat on the left, and the Vice-President, Secretary, and Members of the Senate on the right. The Diplomatic Corps had the seats next in the rear of the Supreme Court. Heads of Departments, Governors and ex-Governors of States, ex-Members of the Senate, ex-Members and Members-elect of the House of Representatives, in the rear of the Members of the Senate. Such other persons as are included in the preceding arrangements stood on the steps and the residue of the portico. All being in readiness, the Oath of Office was administered to the President-elect by the Chief Justice. On the conclusion of the President's address, the Members of the Senate, preceded by the Sergeant-at-Arms, Vice-President, and Secretary, returned to the Senate Chamber, and the President, accompanied by the Committee of Arrangements, went to the President's house.

INNOCENT: A TALE OF MODERN LIFE.

BY
MRS. OLIPHANT,
Author of "Salem Chapel," "The Minister's Wife," "Squire Arden," etc.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE COUSINS.

SOMETHING hot rushed to Innocent's eyes—but if they were tears, it was so unusual to shed them, that they rushed back again after an ineffectual effort to get forth. She made no answer. Mrs. Drainham had drawn a chair near her, with eyes full of curiosity not unmixed with disapproval. Mrs. Drainham, in short, disapproved of everything about her; her loose hair, her odd dress, her old velvet cloak, even the polenta on the old tray before her, and the colored water she was drinking. "What will they do with her in England?" she asked herself, in dismay; but then her responsibility, at least, would be over, and her mind relieved.

"You have never been to school, my dear, I suppose?"

"No."

"Nor learned anything? But you must have had some resources; you must be able to do something? Needlework, at least, or tapestry, or something to amuse yourself with? You must have been very lonely in your papa's time, as I hear he never saw any one. And you could not sit all the day with your hands before you; you must have been able to do something?"

"I can read," said Innocent.

"And no more? I hope your aunt, Mrs. Eastwood, is well off. It would be dreadful, indeed, if your relations were not well off. Girls in your position frequently have to go out as governesses. Suppose, for instance, that you were compelled to try and work for your own living. Now, what would you do?"

The suggestion was so strange, that Innocent lifted her eyelids, and turned a wondering look upon her questioner; but apparently seeing that nothing was to be made of it, cast them down again, with a slight shrug of her shoulders, and made no reply.

"You never thought of that view of the matter?" said the persevering woman. "But you ought to think of it. Few people, unless they are very rich, are disposed to take all the responsibility of a girl like you. They might help you, and be kind to you; but they would most likely think it was right and best that you should contribute at least to your own support."

"I do not know what you mean," said Innocent, looking at her with mingled wonder and resentment. She pushed away her little tray from her; and, in sheer bewilderment, took up her scaldino, putting it in her lap, and holding her hands over it. This was another thing upon which the doctor's wife, as she herself avowed, could not look with any toleration. She made a little gesture of distress, as if she would have put it away.

"Oh, for heaven's sake, my dear, don't let me see you with that odious thing on your knee! You will find nothing of that sort in England. There your time will be all filled up in a rational way. Of course, there is a great deal that will be very novel. Put down that scaldino, dear. It is such an odd thing for an English girl to do."

"Am I an English girl?" asked Innocent, dreamily.

"She never gives you a reasonable answer," Mrs. Drainham said afterward, with an impatience for which it was not difficult to account.

It was just then that the tinkling bell at the door pealed, and Niccolo, after some parley, admitted a stranger. Niccolo recognized the name at once, though no English visitor could have recognized it had he heard it from Niccolo's lips. "Signor Eastwood," he said, looking in at the door, and pausing, with the true instinct of an Italian servant, to watch the effect of the announcement.

Innocent started to her feet, in her haste, dropping instinctively from her shoulders her old velvet mantle, and Mrs. Drainham sat with genuine British composure without any thought of politeness. Frederick came in, looking (as he was) something of an invalid still. He was pale; he had that look of convalescence we have already referred to on his interesting countenance. He came forward, holding out both his hands to the girl, who stood devouring him with her eyes, which for once were fully opened. She could not say anything; she could scarcely breathe. Many speculations had crossed her mind as to the kind of messenger who might arrive. This young man, looking not unlike one of the heroes of her dreams, pale, melancholy, yet smiling, holding out his hands to her, made such a sudden lodgment in the girl's inexperienced heart, as I can neither define nor account for. The chances are that his mother, who was much kinder than Frederick, would have made no impression at all upon Innocent. She looked at him with her eyes all aglow and shining, with a sudden glad contrac-

tion and then expansion of her heart. She put down the scaldino, and went a step forward.

"You are my little cousin," said Frederick, in a voice which the natural impulse of kindness and the pleasant sense of beneficence made melodious. He looked at her with no criticism in his eyes, rather with admiration and pleasure. The girl paused, all aglow, on tiptoe, her sudden impulse betraying itself in every line of her slim figure. Then she obeyed that impulse, poor, forlorn child. She threw herself forward, took the outstretched hands, and bent down and kissed them in her pretty Italian way.

"Yes, I am innocent," she said. "Oh, take me away! take me away!"

This little scene was odd and somewhat embarrassing to a young Englishman utterly unaccustomed to have his hand kissed; but I think it highly probable that Frederick would have felt much less objection to it had it not been for the presence of that Gorgon of British propriety, which kept staring at him with an expression of shocked and suspicious watchfulness from the other side of the stove. Frederick Eastwood was affected by the eager passion of his welcome; but with Mrs. Drainham's eyes upon him, he could do nothing but laugh. The primitive-minded girl, who was not aware of this tacit necessity, shrunk back into herself when, as she thought, he laughed at her. But the spectator felt that it was the right thing to do, and her disapproval softened. She indicated a chair to the new-comer with a little wave of her hand.

"Dear child," she said, in a caressing tone, "you must moderate your feelings. Sit down a little, while I talk to you and to this gentleman. Mr. Eastwood, I think?—so far as one can understand an Italian's version of the name we were expecting to hear—"

"Yes," said Frederick. "I should have arrived a week ago, but for—indisposition. I am glad to find my cousin in such good hands."

Here they paused, and looked at each other, with sentiments which were not unfriendly, but a certain English community of feeling that made them sensible of the necessity of some sort of preliminary antagonism before the one agreed to accept the other as the person he claimed to be. Mrs. Drainham was a pretty woman, though it was appointed to her at this moment to act the Gorgon's part. And Frederick, with his peaked beard and melancholy eyes, was a handsome young man. The tone of the British matron perceptibly softened, as she took in at a glance the various evidences before her that the new-comer was "a gentleman." She even laughed a little in her turn, and colored very becomingly as she executed the sterner part of her duty.

"I am afraid you will think me impertinent," she said; "and I feel ridiculous; but as my husband and I have taken a great interest in Miss Vane, would you pardon me for asking if you have—any credentials—or authority? I am sure I beg your pardon. You will understand what I mean—"

Then they both laughed together, which advanced matters still further.

"I have a letter from my mother to my cousin," he said. "I might have got a certificate of identity, had I thought she was so well guarded. And here is my card," he added, taking it out smilingly.

It was the card Batty had found in the Paris hotel, which was the first one that came to his hand. He knew it by a crease in the corner, and pushed it back again with a little shudder which he could not account for. The card, however, was given and accepted with a gracious smile and bow. That celestial address, the "Junior Minerva," impressed Mrs. Drainham. A little conversation of the most amicable character ensued, winding up by an invitation to dinner for that evening.

"And you will come, too, my dear," said the doctor's wife. "I will ask no one to meet you; Mr. Eastwood will bring you to us at seven o'clock."

Innocent had listened to this conversation in a kind of stupor, feeling as if they spoke a language of which she had never before heard a word. It even hurt her vaguely that they seemed to understand each other in the language which she could not understand. She had been thrust back upon herself, after, as she thought, a gleam of new life and a new world, into the old dreary world, much drearier than ever by the contrast, though it was but momentary. The visionary intensity of a mind living in its own sensations almost annihilates space and time; and though it was but half an hour since Frederick Eastwood came upon the scene at all, there was room enough in that half-hour to make the girl feel the force of two revolutions—the one from her dreary solitude into a new sphere of brightness, tenderness, companionship, which was as a revelation of heaven to her; and the other, a dreary circle back again, out of the light, out of the society, out of the strange delightful newness which seemed to have changed her being all in a moment.

She made no reply to Mrs. Drainham's invitation, which, indeed, she scarcely comprehended. She did not understand the civilities with which her two companions parted, Frederick accompanying Mr. Drainham to the door. What she imagined was that he had thus gone away without taking any further notice of her, and that all was over, and the new hope to which she seemed to have a right, taken from her.

She sat in a stupor watching them go away, fingering the folds of the old velvet cloak, which she picked up mechanically from the floor, and feeling a mingled kind of—of her shoulders from the want of her mantle, and of her heart from this strange desertion—which made her shiver all over, and gave her that nervous and passionate impulse to cry, which children and women are so seldom able to resist, but which poor Innocent had been victorious over often—tears being among the things which her father turned into highest ridicule. She had ceased almost to be able to weep—forgotten the way; the natural emotions had been frozen in her fountains. But the thrill of new existence of which she had been conscious had broken those frozen chains, and she began to struggle with a hysterical passion which roused all her pride and all her spirit to conquer it. No doubt, she thought this new cousin, like her father, would despise the weakness which women indulged in. Innocent despised herself for being a woman, and she would have died sooner than yield to what she supposed to be a purely feminine impulse.

She was struggling thus with herself, fighting the hardest battle she had fought since the time when, goaded by his ridicule, she had rushed upon her father like a little tiger, beating him with her baby fist, choking with suppressed passion, when the door opened again, and Frederick came in once more. She gazed at him with her breast heaving, and her eyes dilated, in the fierceness of her struggle to keep off the tears. And if he had laughed, or treated her emotion lightly, Innocent would have conquered. But Frederick's heart was really touched. He felt benevolent, paternal, full of patronage and kindness. He went up to her, and laid his hand caressingly on her head.

"My little cousin, we must make friends, now that woman is gone," he said, smiling upon her.

Poor child, she knew nothing of self-control—scarcely anything of right and wrong. She threw out her arms and clung to him, in a simple effort of

nature to grasp at something; and fell into such a passion of sobs and cries on his bosom as frightened him. But yet what was more natural? She had just lost her father; she had no one in the world to turn to, except this new relation who belonged to her. She had been undergoing an unnatural repression, concealing her feelings in that stupor which grief so often brings.

Frederick thought he understood it all, and it affected him, though he was glad there was no one else in the room. He put his arm round her, and even kissed the cheek which was partially visible, and said all the kind things he could think of. It lasted so long, that, not being very strong himself, he began to totter a little under the unexpected burden, and would gladly have freed himself and sat down by her. But Innocent had been carried away by the tide, and could not stop herself.

This was the beginning of their acquaintance. There were no preliminaries. She had never "given way" in her life before, except on the occasion we have already referred to—and heaven knows what strange processes were going on in the girl's half-developed, much-suppressed nature, as, for the first time, she gave her tears and emotion way.

When the hysterical sobbing came to an end, Innocent lifted her head from his breast, and looked at him, still holding him by the arms. She looked up suddenly, half beseeching him not to despise her, half daring him to do so. But there was no scorn in Frederick's eyes; he was very sorry for her.

"My poor child!" he said, smoothing the ruffled hair upon her forehead.

Then a sudden flush came to her face, and light to her eyes. She released him as suddenly as she had clutched him. She sank back gently into her chair, with a shy, deprecating smile.

"I could not help it," she said, putting out her hand. She wanted to retain some hold of him, to be sure that he would not melt quite away like one of the dreams.

As for Frederick, he had no objection to have his hand held by those soft, long fingers, or to bear the eager look of eyes which shone upon him with a kind of worship. He told her how he had been coming to her for a long time, but had been detained—how he had come to take her home—how they must start next day if possible, and travel as quickly as possible; and how his mother and sister were awaiting her anxiously, hoping to make her happy, and to comfort her in her trouble.

Innocent leant back in her chair, and smiled and listened. She made no reply. It did not seem necessary to make any reply. She held his hand fast and let him talk to her, not caring much what he said. She understood what he was saying, but it was as a song to her, or a story that he was telling. She did not mind how long she listened, but it required no personal response—took no personal hold of her. The picture he made of the Elms, and his mother and sister, produced no sort of effect upon her mind. She was satisfied. Everything was unreal and vague except the one tangible fact, that he was sitting beside her, and that she was holding his hand. It was not love at first sight. The child did not know, and never inquired, what it was. She had got some one—some one belonging to her like other people—some one who did not sneer or ridicule, but smiled at her, who called her name softly, who found no fault. She was altogether transported by this wonderful sensation. She wanted no more—no mother nor sisters, no change, no conditions such as make life possible. She knew nothing about all that. Her understanding had nothing to do with the question. She was happy; she wanted nothing more.

"Must you go away?" she cried with a start, holding his hand closer as he moved.

"Not to leave you," he said. "But if we go away to-morrow—can you go to-morrow, Innocent?"

"I will go when you go," she said.

"My dear cousin, you must be less vague. Can you be ready? Can you have your packing done, and all your little affairs settled? Where is your maid?—she will know best."

"I have no maid. I have nothing to pack. I am ready now, whenever you please, only you must not leave me. You must never leave me," she cried, clasping her hands round his arm.

"I have no intention of leaving you," he said, half flattered, half embarrassed, "till I have taken you to my mother. It is my mother whom you are going to—my mother—I told you—and Ellinor—"

"Will you leave me when we get there?" the girl asked eagerly, still holding him. Yes, it was flattering; but possibly it might become a bore.

"No, no," he said. "I live there too. I am not going to leave you. But my mother will be the chief person then—my mother and Nelly, not me. They are ladies. They will be your chief friends and companions—"

"I would rather have you; I know you; and I don't like women," said the girl. "Listen! Could not we live somewhere without letting them know? I can cook some dishes—very good macaroni; and I can cook birds. I could do what you wanted, and make your *spese*. This would be far better than going to live with your mother. I do not like women."

She warmed as she spoke, turning to face him, with her hand still clasping his arm.

"You must not say such things," he said.

"Why? This is the first time you have said 'You must not.' My father says women are all bad—not some here and there, like men. I am one, but I can't help it. I always try to be different. I would not do the things they do—nor look like them if I could help it. Are you rich?"

"No," said Frederick, becoming bewildered. He had risen up, but she detained him with her two hands holding his arm.

"That is a pity. We were never rich. If you had been rich we might have taken Niccolo, who could have done everything—he is so clever. We might have staid here. Stop!" she said, suddenly; "there is a little cloud coming up over your face. Do not let it. Smile. You smiled when you came in first, and I knew that it was you, and was so happy."

"My poor child! Why were you happy?"

"Because I knew it was you," she said, vehemently. "And now you talk of your mother. I do not want to go to your mother. Let me stay with you."

"Listen, Innocent," he said, with a shade of impatience stealing over him. "There is no possibility of questioning where you are to go. You must go to my mother. I live there, too. You must learn to be fond of my mother. Now let me go. I am going out to see the place. If we leave to-morrow, I may not have another opportunity. Come, come, you must let me go."

She was looking up into his face, studying it with a close, penetrating gaze, before which his eyes somewhat wavered. Perhaps she let his arm go, slowly, sliding her hands away from it, with a half-caressing, half-apologetic motion. She smiled as she thus released him, but said nothing. There was something pretty in the act by which she set him free. Go, if you will—it seemed to say—but yet stay with me! It was hard to resist the moral restraint after the physical was withdrawn.

"I will come back in time to take you out to this

lady's, to dinner," he said. "I suppose they have been kind to you? And in the meantime you must see after your packing. I have no doubt you will find a great many things to do. I am sorry you have not a maid to help you. Have you wraps for the journey? You will want something warm."

She took up her old velvet mantle with a startled look, and turned it round in her hands, looking at it. It was a garment to delight the very soul of a painter; but, alas! it was not such a garment as Frederick Eastwood, who was not a painter, could walk about by the side of, or travel with.

"Is that all you have?" he asked, with a little dismay.

"I have a shawl," said Innocent, looking at him with astonished eyes.

"Ah! I must speak to Mrs. Drainham about it," he said, with some impatience. "Good-by for the moment. Will you dress, and be quite ready when I come back? and then we can have a talk about our start to-morrow, and all our arrangements. I am sure if you are to be ready in time there is not a moment to lose."

Ready in time! Ready for what? For going out with him in the evening to the house of the lady who found fault with her; who had come to her and talked so much, that the girl neither tried nor wished to understand. Ready! She sat and tried to think what it meant. She had but the black frock she wore—no other—with its little black frill of crape about her neck; no edge of white, such as people wear in England. She could smooth her hair, and put on a locket, or her mother's brooch; but that was all she could do. The packing she never thought of. Niccolo had been nurse and valet combined. He had always arranged everything and told her what to do. She sat for a long time quite still, pondering over the mourning with a strange happiness, and a still stranger poignant pain in her agitated breast. Then she rose, and putting her cloak round her—the poor cloak which she was afraid he had despised—she went down the long stairs and across the road to the tiny little church upon the edge of the Arno. Nobody who has been in Pisa will forget Santa Maria della Spina. She went in, crossing herself according to the custom which she had seen all her life, mechanically, without any thought of the meaning of that sign, and held out her hand to give the holy water to a peasant woman who entered along with her, mechanically too, as she might have offered any habitual courtesy. This poor girl had scarcely been taught anything, except what her eyes taught her. She went in according to her custom, and knelt for a minute on a chair, and then, turning it round, sat down with her face to the altar. I think what she said under her breath was the Lord's Prayer, nothing more. It was very brief and mechanical, too, and when she sat down I cannot pretend that her thoughts were of a religious kind. They were possessed by the occurrences of the morning. Her heart beat with the vibration of her first strange childish happiness at the sight of her cousin, but in the very midst of this there came a sting of sharp wonder and pain, that acute surprised disappointment which women are apt to feel when the man whose company they themselves prefer to everything shows himself capable of going away from them, and preferring some kind of pleasure separate from them to that which can be had in their society. "If he was glad to find me, if he came so far for me, why could not he have staid with me?" The morning masses were all over; there was no service going on, no candles lighted upon the altar, which glimmered with all its tall white tapers through the gloom. Everything was silent. A few people, like Innocent, sat in different corners, quite still, with their eyes toward the altar; they were chiefly old people, worn old women and benumbed old men. Here and there was one, who, with clasped hands and rapt face, gazed up at some dark picture on the wall, and "wrestled" like Jacob; but the most part showed little emotion of any kind. But anyhow, they were the better for being there, and so was Innocent. She sat quite still for a long time, rather the subject of her thoughts than exercising any control over them, and then she turned her chair round again, and knelt, and said the Lord's Prayer, and went away.

She went to Mrs. Drainham's with her cousin as mechanically as she said her prayers. Her appearance was strange enough on that strange evening, which she passed as in a dream. With an idea that ornament was necessary, and perhaps not without some pleasure in the novelty of having the little morocco box full of trinkets, which her father had always kept in his own hands, handed over to her keeping, she had put on a trinket which took her fancy, and which was attached to a little chain. It was a very brilliant ornament indeed, set with emeralds and rubies, in a quaint design, the background of which was formed by small diamonds. The effect of this upon her very simple black frock may be conceived. Mrs. Drainham was scandalized, yet impressed. Impossible not to look upon a girl possessed of such a jewel with some additional respect—and yet the impropriety, the unappropriateness of wearing it at such a time was almost "past speaking of," Mrs. Drainham felt.

"You should wear nothing but jet ornaments with such deep mourning," she said. "You must try and recollect these things when you go among your relations. They will wonder that you know so little. They might think it heartless of you. Was it your mother's? It is very pretty. You must take great care of such an ornament as this; but you must be sure never to wear it when you are in mourning." This was said when she was alone in the drawing-room with Innocent, after dinner. And then she, too, began to inquire into the packing and the wraps for the journey. She gave Innocent a great deal of advice, which I fear was quite lost upon her, and offered to go next day to "see to" her preparations. The girl sat much as she had sat in the Church of the Spina, with her hands crossed on her lap, listening vaguely. She did not know what to say, and her attention wandered often, as the stream of counsel flowed on. She had done no packing still, and had no idea what to do about the wraps; and Frederick scarcely seemed to belong to her, in this strange room, where she sat in a kind of waking dream, ashamed of her poor frock, ashamed of her rich jewel, not knowing what to make of herself. Poor little Innocent! perhaps, on the whole, in this new rush of emotions that filled her, there was rather less pleasure than pain.

(To be continued.)

SPIRITUALISM—ANOTHER VIEW.

THE London *Saturday Review* discusses Spiritualism as follows:

"As, however, a good deal of curiosity upon the subject prevails, and is likely to be stimulated by such articles as those in the *Times* (London), we will suggest one or two reasons which should make people pause before encouraging *séances* and spiritual manifestations. In the first place, if there is anything in Spiritualism, nothing could be easier than to demonstrate its truth. Why do we believe, it is asked, in the revelations of the

electric telegraph? Because we submit them to crucial experiments every day and every hour of the day. Why don't we believe in the revelations of mediums? Because they always evade a crucial experiment. Take a simple case. President Lincoln's assassination was known throughout America within an hour or two after it had happened. Subsequent evidence of course confirmed the truth of the report. If a Spiritualist had announced the event in England before it had come to us by any ordinary means (the submarine telegraph was not then laid down), we should have been convinced instantaneously that Spiritualists possessed some mysterious power. If, in fact, they possess the means of knowing what is happening at distant times and places, they can place the reality of their claims beyond all conceivable cavil. They can prove their power fifty times a day. But any one proof would be sufficient. If a single revelation were made such as that of Lincoln's assassination, it would be enough. Why has no such proof ever been given? For the simple reason that the power does not exist. All the alleged wonders of this kind depend upon what A said to B, and what B repeated to C, and so on. If a single witness has lied or made a mistake, they are valueless. A man claims a power of communicating with disembodied spirits; if he has it, opportunities for demonstrating it in the most public manner are open to him every day and all day long; and yet it is never done. And for this reason we recommend ordinary inquirers to wait. If the alleged power exists, it will prove itself. If it does not, they had better not waste time in examining into it.

"Mr. Home, indeed, suggests a reply; and a wonderful reply it is. The spirits, it seems, are capricious. It may be so; but a philosopher is bound to accept the simplest explanation consistent with the facts. Perhaps, when a watch is missing from my pocket and is transferred to that of a notorious thief by no visible agency, a spirit may have done the trick; but it is safer to assume that the thief managed to do it without my seeing it. The same argument applies to Mr. Home's spirits. So long as their caprice leads them always to shrink from a crucial test, it is simpler to assume that they don't exist. Give us a phenomenon otherwise insoluble, and we will accept your explanation; but so long as you give nothing which may not be explained by assuming a certain quantity of roguery, imbecility, or, it may be, morbid action of the brain, we shall not go out of our way to assume the existence of spirits. The Spiritualists prove a great deal too much: if a tenth part of what they say is true, they have the means of publicly demonstrating their supernatural powers. They never do. What is the obvious inference? If it were declared that the heir to an estate who had been lost really existed; if he might recover his property by simply showing himself in Westminster Hall; if he obstinately refused to come, but offered to produce a number of affidavits from people who had met him in dark rooms, or talked to him for a minute in his attorney's office, what should we think of him?

"For this reason we may be pretty sure that the truth will not suffer by the abstinence of dowager duchesses and others from attendance upon seances. But there is a positive reason, of much more weight, for their staying away. Whatever may be the meaning of Spiritualism, one thing is undeniable. It is a belief of which rogues and charlatans of every variety may take advantage for the basest purposes. When a mere conjuring trick is regarded as proof that the performer possesses supernatural authority, what is likely to be the condition of the person who takes the conjuror for a spiritual adviser? We heard nothing more about spiritual assistance being vouchsafed to the Davenport Brothers after the rope-tying trick had been found out. But many respectable, and even generally intelligent persons, were for a time as fully convinced that the rope was untied by supernatural agency as they now are that Mr. Home is lifted into the air by spirits. Their conviction was professedly a delusion; as, indeed, the trick is now exposed at every street corner. It is needless to dilate upon the mischiefs which would result, and which do, in fact, result, to a person who takes a notorious juggler and liar—such a man, for example, as Mr. Browning's imitator 'Sludge'—to be a director of his conscience. A sincere Spiritualist must, of course, agree with us in this, as, in fact, Mr. Home appears to do. The medium through whom a widow receives communications from her dead husband should be above all suspicion of sordid motives. Otherwise the impostors who mix with the honest men will have the fullest opportunity of carrying out the worst designs, and, instead of receiving a message from the dead, their unfortunate victims will be only receiving a message from Mr. Sludge. No one should more carefully guard against the sham than those who believe in the existence of the genuine article. And, therefore, it is an obvious consideration that a medium should never receive money. The evidence for genuine miracles depends in no small degree on the character of the witnesses. If the early teachers of Christianity had made a comfortable income out of their disciples for showing wonders, instead of exposing themselves to martyrdom, we should have a very different opinion of their honesty. To creep into the houses of silly widows was a practice which required very vehement denunciation. An honest man may conceivably take money for introducing us to the spirit-world, but it is quite certain that a knave will take money for pretending to do so. And, therefore, unless we would give a direct encouragement to rogues, and help to overlay the reality—if there be a reality—by a mass of falsehood, the less ordinary people have to do with professional traders in Spiritualism the better.

"Mr. Home, as we have said, seems to agree with us; at least he declares that he has never taken money for showing off his spirits. Let us give him all the honor due to such admirable independence. So long as he makes no money by his performances, directly or indirectly, the value of his testimony will be greatly increased. And therefore we consider it to be a cause for sincere congratulation that the Court of Chancery ordered him to restore Mrs. Lyon's thirty thousand pounds. Indeed we cannot doubt that he would have returned it of his own accord as soon as it had occurred to him that the great cause of Spiritualism would suffer injury from the precedent. The manifestations which took place in a certain cab were doubtless owing to 'unconscious cerebration,' if not to spirits. But then people of less lofty character might celebrate consciously, and we should have no means of detecting the difference. The story shows how easily a man actuated by the purest motives may be led into practices susceptible of an unpleasant interpretation, and we hope that Mr. Home will throw the weight of his authority into enforcing the excellent rule that no mediums should ever receive money on any pretense from those who consult them, in which case we strongly suspect that the true nature of the system would speedily be exposed."

The City Council unanimously adopted a resolution extending an invitation to President Grant to visit Nashville during his Southern tour, and tendering him the hospitality of the city.

THE CHARACTER AND HABITS OF THE CHINESE IN AMERICA.

JOHN Chinaman is a sort of museum in his character and habits. We must be pardoned for giving details of these, mingled promiscuously, rather after the museum style. His New Year comes in February. For the Chinaman of limited means it lasts a week, for the wealthy it may endure three. His consumption of fire-crackers during that period is immense. He burns strings a yard in length, suspended from poles over his balconies. The uproar and sputtering consequent on this festivity in the Chinese quarter at San Francisco is tremendous. The city authorities limit this Celestial pandemonium to a week.

A Chinaman does not forsake the amusement of kites flying even when arrived at maturity. His artistic imitation of birds and dragons float over our rooftops. To these are often affixed contrivances for producing hollow, mournful, buzzing sounds, mystifying whole neighborhoods. His game at shuttlecock is to keep a cork, one end being stuck with feathers, flying in the air as long as possible, the impelling member being the foot, the players standing in a circle, and numbering from four to twenty. Some show great dexterity in kicking with the heel. His vocal music to our ears seems a monotonous caterwaul. His violin has but one string; his execution is merely a modified species of saw-filing.

He loves to gamble, especially in lotteries. He is a diligent student of his own comfort. Traveling on foot, during a hot day, he protects himself with an umbrella, and refreshes himself with a fan. In place of prosaic signs on his store-fronts, he often inscribes quotations from his favorite authors. As a lover of flowers, his balconies and window-sills are often thickly packed with shrubs and creepers in pots. He is not a speedy and taciturn eater. His tea-table talks are full of noisy jollity, and are often prolonged far into the night.

Of the drama he is an admirer. A single play requires sometimes months for representation, being, like a serial story, "continued" night after night. He never dances. There is no melody in the Mongolian foot. Dancing he regards as a species of Caucasian insanity.

To make an oath binding, he must swear by the head of a cock cut off before him in open court. Chinese testimony is not admissible in American courts. It is a legal California axiom that a Chinaman cannot speak the truth. But cases have occurred wherein (he being an eye-witness) the desire to hear what he might tell as to what he had seen has proved stronger than the prejudice against him; and, the more effectually to clinch the chances of his telling the truth, the above, his national form of oath, has been resorted to.

LOTTERIES.

LAMB tells a story of a gentleman who had purchased No. 1,069. Passing a lottery office, he saw a placard announcing that number had come up a \$20,000 prize; he walked around St. Paul's to cool his agitation before entering the office. On going back again, he found that he had mistaken 10,069 for 1,069.

The law had frequently to decide cases about lucky numbers. A lady (just before the abolition of lotteries, in 1826) wished to purchase the number of the year in which she was born, 1792; finding this was sold, she sought one differing from it by 0 only, namely, 17,092. She was in the hall when, as she declared, 17,092 was audibly announced as a \$30,000 prize, and she brought an action for the money; but it was proved that her ears or her imagination must have deceived her. In another case, one Mr. McKellar owed some kindness to his friend, Mr. Bellamy. He bought a quarter of a ticket, and said that Mr. Bellamy should have half the proceeds if it turned up a prize. This was done twice over, but both tickets were blanks. Bellamy's daughter then dreamed that No. 5 would be a \$20,000 prize. This number was not to be had; but something told Bellamy to multiply his daughter's number by itself, and add two to it. This made 27. No. 27 was bought, and it was drawn—a \$20,000 prize. McKellar declared that he had not repeated his promise after the second failure, and a lawsuit was maintained to decide this point. Bellamy also claimed an additional percentage "for the ingenuity of his guess about No. 27."

BRAIN-WASTING.

AN interesting and practical course of clinical lectures on mental and cerebral diseases has been delivered by J. Crichton Brown, M.D., Lecturer on Mental Diseases, to the Leeds School of Medicine; and in one on brain-wasting, he states that: 1. Women recover from this disease more frequently and rapidly than men. 2. The earlier the age at which brain-wasting occurs, the better the prospect of recovery. 3. The more decided the paralytic symptoms, the more is the prospect of recovery. He also says we owe a debt of gratitude to Dr. Radcliffe for pointing out the value of cod-liver oil and the hypophosphites in debilitating, nervous diseases. They supply the essential elements of nerve nutrition in an easily assimilable form, and are unmistakably beneficial in cases of brain-wasting. A tablespoonful of cod-liver oil, and fifteen grains of the hypophosphite of soda, given twice or three times daily, at the onset of such a case, often arrest at once the downward tendency, and induce restoration of mental and muscular power. Sometimes, when these remedies seem ineffectual, doses of from five to fifteen drops of tincture of opium and sulphuric ether, twice a day, expedite their action, besides conferring independent benefits. The opium gives, as it were, a fillip to cerebral nutrition, and thus diffuses a favorable influence through the whole economy.

FOREIGN NOTES.

THE Deceased Wife's Sister is not going up in the world. In fact, she attracts altogether less interest than in former years. In the House of Commons, Mr. Chambers carried the second reading of the Bill for legitimizing a marriage with her by a majority only of 39 (126 to 87), in a rather thin House. That is not a majority for which the Lords will feel any great respect.

The evidence of the British engineers on board the *Murillo*, Mr. Bethell and Mr. Goodve, and of the English passenger, Mr. Bell, leaves no kind of doubt that the *Murillo* was the ship which sunk the *Northfleet*. They all testify approximately to the place and time—a quarter to eleven—the bright light at the mast-head of the ship into which the *Murillo* ran, the cries of "Don't leave us, send boats!" and to the fact that they steamed away under the captain's orders without paying the least attention to the cries. It seems very doubtful, however, whether the Spanish Court will regard the evidence as sufficient.

THE Swiss Government has threatened Monseigneur Mermillod with banishment unless he resigns the office of Vicar-Apostolic over Geneva, conferred upon him by the Pope. Geneva is evidently determined to have either a Catholic Church directed by the State, or none at all. The Prussian Government has replied to the memorial of the Roman Catholic Bishops against the new measures, which we noticed last week, in a very stern and decisive tone, that there is no grievance, no new obligation except what the Roman Catholic Bishops should be delighted to accept, and that in any case they must obey or vanish.

THE strike in South Wales continues, and the distress is said to be terrible. A compromise has been suggested, which has been eagerly accepted by the men, but the masters are not willing to listen to anything but unconditional surrender. It is proposed that each pit should adopt a "standard" of work—that is, should decide the fair amount of coal each collier should raise. The men would then go in at the 10 per cent. reduction, but all who worked up to the standard would have the former wages. The overseers allege, however, that the plan would be too difficult, as the men would tend to each other, and the masters insist still upon unqualified submission.

THE Prussian Parliament is greatly interested by a very serious scandal. Herr Lasker has asserted in his place that persons in office, naming specially Privy Councillor Wagener, have sold railway concessions, and demanded a public inquiry. The Minister of Commerce, Count Itzenplitz, repudiated the charge, and at first it was believed that the Government would endeavor to stifle inquiry, fearing that the scandal would cover many officials. The latest telegrams announce, however, that the King, who has all his life sternly set his face against robbery of the State, has interfered, and that the fullest inquiry will be conceded, the latter statement being confirmed by Reuter. The whole story suggests that the modern poison, the thirst for quick gains in money, has penetrated Prussia.

THE *Saturday Review*, in the course of a leader on the Russian question, says: "There is no reason why English statesmen should be lulled to sleep, but it is neither dignified nor courteous to take the present occasion for betraying offensive suspicions. If it be true that the strength of the Russian Army in Asia is exaggerated in popular belief, there is the less ground for apprehension. It would be but reasonable to wait for some fresh menace or cause for alarm before the English Government is urged to take additional precautions. It is not necessary to anticipate the possible claim of Russia to exclusive influence in a country which is nearer to India than to the existing Russian possessions. The vigilance which has been shown by the English Government will be appreciated by Russia. It will be clearly understood that any dangerous approach to India will be summarily resisted."

THE *Saturday Review* has a judicious article about American Smartness. It reviews the Credit Mobilier, and says: "It is thought easier and cheaper to buy a State Assembly or Senate, or even to give bribes to members of Congress, than to waste money on elections. At the abortive trial of Tweed, in New York, one of his dependents stated that he had been in the habit of carrying large sums to Albany on behalf of his employer, for the purpose of buying votes. The culprit himself is a member of the New York Senate, having been elected by a large majority after the public exposure of his frauds. It is absurd to claim for Englishmen a higher moral condition than that which prevails in corresponding classes in the United States. The difference between the two countries is that equality and universal suffrage bring the scum to the top. Respectable citizens refuse to associate in private with the reprobates and swindlers who may be their representatives in a State Legislature, or who may sit on the judicial bench; but either they suffer no shock from the exposure of successive scandals, or they are powerless to prevent the mischief. The journals, which in some degree supply the place of more healthy institutions, unfortunately confine their denunciations to members of the party to which they may respectively happen to be opposed."

SCIENTIFIC.

THE American Government has established an Observatory at Fort Garry, Manitoba, which is, as nearly as possible, the central spot of the American Continent.

UNDER the head of "Inherited Instinct," Charles Darwin submits the following curious facts. He writes: "I wish to communicate to you a curious case of an inherited mental peculiarity. I possess an English mastiff, by name Kepler, a son of the celebrated Turk out of Venus. I brought the dog, when six weeks old, from the stable in which he was born. The first time I took him out he started back in alarm at the first butcher's shop he had ever seen. I soon found he had a violent antipathy to butchers and butchers' shops. When six months old, a servant took him with her on an errand. At a short distance before coming to the house, she had to pass a butcher's shop; the dog threw himself down (being led with a string), and neither coaxing nor threats would make him pass the shop. The dog was too heavy to be carried; and as a crowd collected, the servant had to return with the dog more than a mile, and then go without him. This occurred about two years ago. The antipathy still continues, but the dog will pass nearer to a shop than he formerly would. About two months ago, in a little book on dogs published by Dean, I discovered that the same strange antipathy is shown by the father, Turk. I then wrote to Mr. Nichols, the former owner of Turk, to ask him for any information he might have on the point. He replied: 'I can say that the same antipathy exists in King, the sire of Turk, in Turk, in Punch (son of Turk, out of Meg), and in Paris (son of Turk, out of Juno).'"

"THE BIRTH OF CHEMISTRY" is a subject which is engaging some scientific pens, as illustrating the effects of scientific results on the superstitions. Here is an example: "S. Thomas Aquinas was the first to employ the term *alcali*, to designate a compound of any metal with mercury. S. Thomas was, like his master, a magician. We are told that between them they constructed a brazen statue, which Albertus animated with his *elixir vite*. It was useful as a domestic servant, but very talkative and noisy; nor could they cure it of this propensity. It happened one day that S. Thomas, who was a mathematician, was deeply engaged in a problem, but was continually interrupted by the talking statue; at length, in a rage, he seized a hammer and smashed it to atoms, to the great regret of his master. Our great countryman, Roger Bacon (b. 1214), also suffered from a charge of magic, and during his residence in Oxford was severely persecuted in consequence. He replied to the charges made against him by the admirable treatise, 'De nullitate magie,' and in it clearly showed that what his contemporaries mistook for the work of spirits, were in good sooth the ordinary operations of Nature. Allied also with superstition is the following: Arnoldus de Villa Nova (b. 1240) was a great alchemist and physician, and the author of many works on the subject."

His 'Rosarius Philosophorum' purported to contain a key to all alchemical operations. He followed Geber closely. He considered a solution of gold the most perfect medicine, and we usually find that such solution was recommended by alchemists as a necessary constituent of the *elixir vite*, and essential for the work of transmutation."

PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

THE Pope has received a horse from friends in New Orleans.

DR. PUSEY is gaining in health. He will remain all Winter in Genoa.

BYRON is, at last, to be commemorated by a monument at Missolonghi.

MR. EDWIN JAMES has been refused re-admission to the English Bar.

THE Comte de Chambord has declined to make any compromise with the Orleans princes.

SENATOR SUMNER's health has materially improved, and he is now pronounced out of danger.

CHARLES BRADLAUGH, a ponderous English Republican, is coming here to lecture next season.

THE American Club, of Liverpool, gave a grand ball in celebration of Washington's Birthday.

It is proposed to add the nice sum of \$150,000 to the annual allowance of the Prince of Wales.

MR. BESSEMER says he can produce a gun capable of throwing a ten-ton ball. We hope he won't do it.

THE nomination of Mr. Kilbourne Knox, of New York, as Commissary General, has been confirmed by the Senate.

LIEUTENANT FRED GRANT is stationed at Fort Griffin, Texas, where he is reported to be very popular with officers and men.

ON the 26th instant the Lord Mayor of London will entertain, at the Mansion House, the Mayors of all England and Wales.

HIS HOLINESS THE POPE has received a deputation of citizens of the United States. Mr. Glover, of New York, read an address.

THE Postmaster-General has been confined to his room in Washington by illness, and has not been at his office for several days past.

SIR CHARLES BRIGHT, of London, who planned and superintended the laying of the West India telegraph cable, arrived in town lately.

THE King of Portugal gave a banquet to the officers of the Italian frigate *Roma*, lying in the Tagus. Ex-King Amadeus was present.

MR. SAMUEL A. HITCHCOCK, of Massachusetts, has given \$50,000 to found a chair of mathematics and natural science in the Illinois College.

WILLIAM M. TWEED came into the Court of Oyer and Terminer recently, accompanied by his counsel, and gave bail in \$18,000 on 15 indictments.

LORD DUNRAVEN and DR. KINGSLEY, of England, who have been traveling in this country and the Canadas since last Fall, arrived here recently.

THE ex-Rev. James P. Wells, formerly pastor of a Massachusetts church, has recently come to grief as the proprietor of an American gambling-house in Paris.

SEVERAL French Bishops are urging the Pope to protest against the actions of the Italian Government, and then, seeking asylum elsewhere, to "leave Rome to its fate."

THE *Japan Gazette* of the 23d of January published the following announcement: "Benrikoshi-Uyeno-Kaganori has been appointed Minister for Japan at Washington."

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY was duly honored in Paris. The usual state dinner was given at the Executive residence, but M. Thiers was unfortunately absent through illness.

THE condition of Count Bernstorff, the German Ambassador, is hopeless. His disease is dropsy, and is so far advanced that he cannot recover. The Count is 65 years of age.

SIR FRANCIS HINCKS, Canadian Minister of Finance, has resigned, and the Hon. Mr. Tilly has been sworn in as his successor. Dr. Tupper succeeds Mr. Tilly as Minister of Customs.

THE Roman Catholic Bishops of Ireland have resolved to oppose the Education Bill, and have sent an address to the Irish members in Parliament urging them to press for its withdrawal.

At a meeting of the Federal Council of the International Workingmen's Association, held lately, a committee was appointed to draft an address, on behalf of the Council, to the Internationals of Spain.

In the State Senate a Bill has been introduced authorizing the Governor to appoint 20 Commissioners, with the Mayors of New York and Brooklyn, to prepare a plan of municipal government for both.

MR. WILLIAM BARNES, son-in-law of Thurlow Weed, has been appointed General Manager of the Industrial Exhibition Company of New York. He was for 10 years Superintendent of the Insurance Department of this State.

THE Canadian Government pays six dollars a head to immigrants on production of certificates of arrival from managers of steamship lines. This bait accounts, it is said, for the decrease in the emigrant arrivals here of late.

KING AMADEUS would not, it is said, have abdicated, had he not believed that he would be recalled to the throne by the Army, with which he sided against the Ministry. He has been completely checkmated in his calculation by the turn of events.

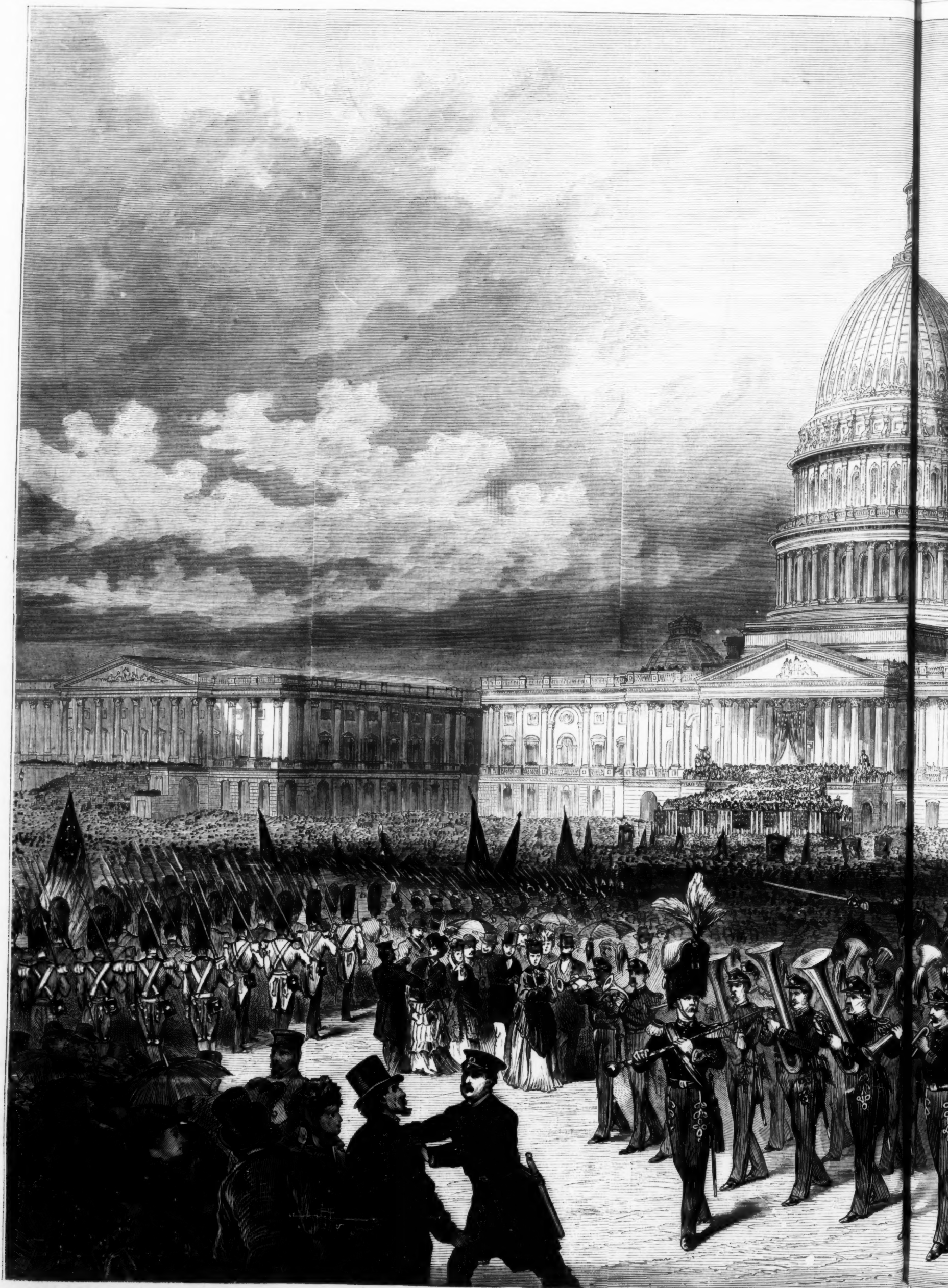
THE Swiss Government has formally recognized the Republic of Spain. In their note to the Spanish Government, the members of the Federal Council say they "hope that after strife and suffering there will be peace and prosperity for the country."

VARIOUS trades organizations, principally German, held separate meetings here lately for the purpose of inaugurating a general strike, to take place shortly, for the enforcement of the eight-hour system, and other measures to better their condition.

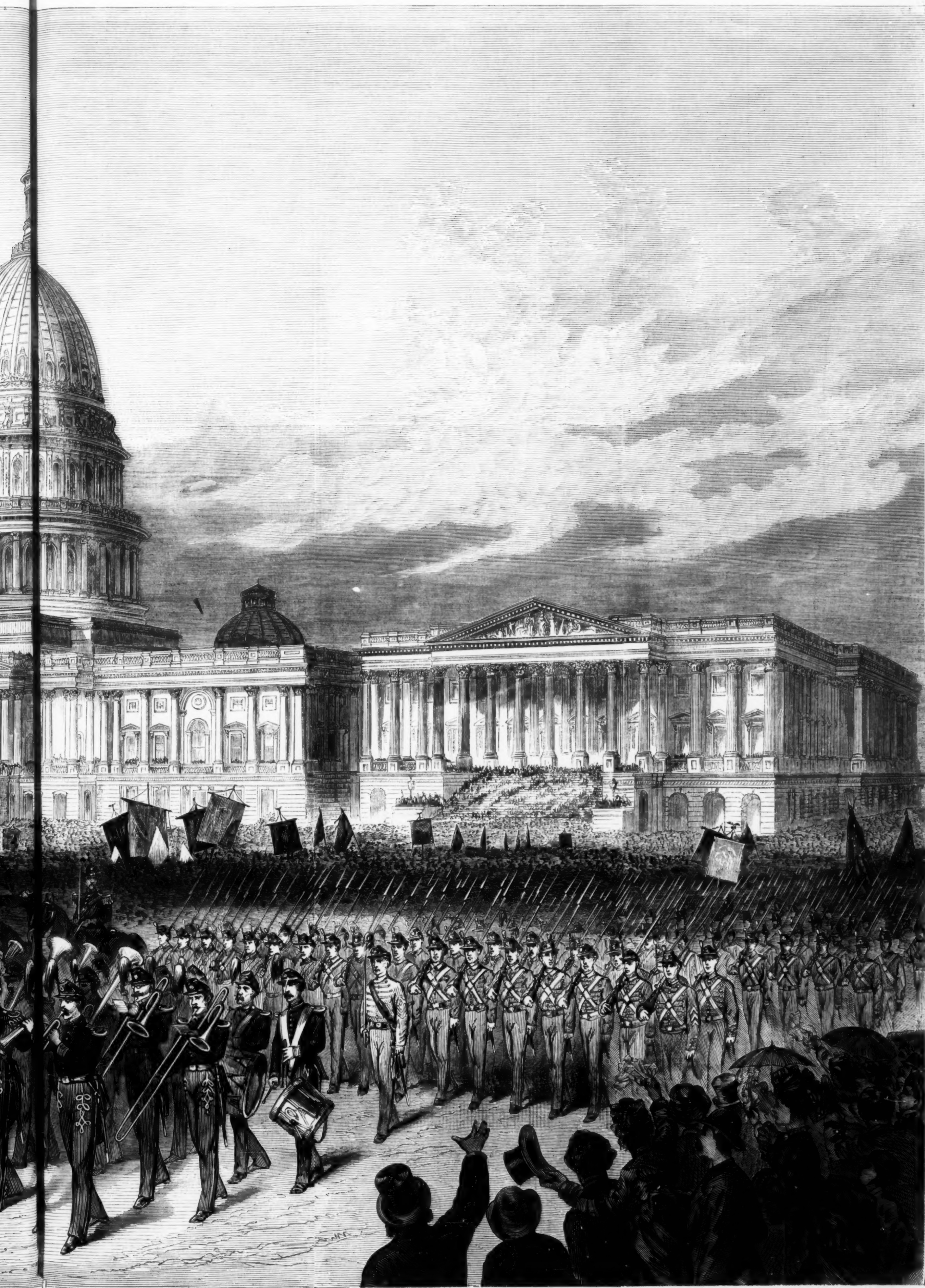
HON. JAMES L. ORR, the Ambassador of the United States to Russia, has arrived in Paris, on his way to St. Petersburg. Hon. Mr. White, United States Minister to the Argentine Republic, is also there, en route for Lisbon, where he takes the steamer for South America.

THE petition from John G. Whittier and 27 others for rescinding the resolution of the Massachusetts Legislature censuring Senator Sumner for his action in relation to removing the records on flags of United States troops of the battles of the rebellion, has been referred to the Committee on Federal Relations. It has caused a change of feeling toward Mr. Sumner.

THE Ministerial crisis in the Spanish Government has terminated by the election of a new Ministry, in which Figueras is President of the Council and Castelar Minister of State. Madrid is in a highly excited condition; the Federalists are uneasy, and an outbreak is expected. Families are leaving the city, and Pampeluna is daily expected to fall into the hands of the Carlists, who are reported marching on Madrid.



WASHINGTON, D. C.—THE GRAND PROCESSION WHEELING INTO THE GROUNDS OF THE CAPITOL AND MARCHING PAST THE INAUGURATION.



E INATION.
AND M PAST THE PRESIDENT AND CABINET—THE WEST POINT CADETS PASSING THE PORTICO.—SEE PAGE 5.

BIRTH.

"Blood will tell," says my lord,
Watching his fair, brave boy,
Light of his life and joy,
Straight as a reed and tall,
So trusted and so adored.
And I, how I laugh at it all!

"Blood will tell," says my lord,
With pompous pity and sneer,
For that bad, wild son of mine,
To me, the old trusted nurse,
"With a father that died abhorred,
The son has turned out a curse."

"Blood will tell," has he said?
Oh, my soul! if he only knew
Of the deed I dared to do
These twenty good years ago,
I think he would strike me dead,
He would hate the sight of me so!

"Blood will tell," would he say,
If he dreamed who bore that boy,
Light of his life and joy,
Changed on the birthnight?—Well,
I can keep dumb, anyway—
Oh! certainly, "blood will tell."

"WRECKED!"

THE ROSCLERRAS OF MISTREE.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—THE PHYSICIAN AND THE NOTARY
TÊTE-À-TÊTE.

It was nine o'clock, the wide windows of the little apartment dedicated to the use of the notary stood open, and in place of tinted lights of ruby, rose and purple, the wide-stretching sunlight rolled into the apartment, and brought with it a thousand odors of the glad Spring morning. It sparkled on a little table standing in the window, at which sat Doctor de Grace and the notary with a tête-à-tête breakfast equipage between them.

The physician possessed the inestimable talent of talking and eating at once, and while the notary was obliged to devote himself wholly to either one or the other, De Grace ate and talked with infinite ease, and disposed of an argument or the wing of a chicken with equal celerity and self-possession; but at present he listens and the notary speaks.

The notary's eyes were twinkling like emeralds in which are imprisoned sparks of fire, and his wiry hair stands erect as he pushes it to and fro restlessly with his lean fingers. The physician having finished his coffee, pours himself out a glass of honey-colored wine, which flashes into gold as the sunlight strikes it, and looks at it meditatively as the notary, who is plainly much excited, stretches his hand out with a lively gesture expressive of considerable irritation. He accentuates his next words strongly, rolls the 'r's, and hisses the 's's.

"You do not mean to hint that I have not adopted the proper course. Bah! you do not know her. Had I made a search such as you suggest, she would have vanished into air."

"There is no vanishing, within a cordon of *gens-d'armes*," retorted the physician; "whereas your step of seeking her at the cooper's has probably placed her beyond your reach long ere this."

"To-day will prove that," said the notary, grimly. "Oh, if she has escaped me I will—"

He checked himself suddenly, and laughed, but his short laugh was full of a fiercer passion than his unended speech. It was always curious, these sudden flashes of an unsuspected second nature, in the dry little business man, and it was the first time the physician had ever been a witness to one of these ebullitions. He looked curiously across the mellow wine at his lips at the little man, who had in a second forced himself back to composure.

"I see," he said, in a rolling voice, which seemed to embody some of the richness of the golden draught he had just swallowed, "you are anxious to clear up the mystery that hangs over her and her deserted charge. I sympathize with you, monsieur."

The notary's eye flashed, and he nodded, at the same moment compressing his lips. He took out his watch and glanced at it.

Half-past nine," he said, impatiently. "I cannot imagine what can have taken Lord Rosclerra to Chartres this morning. He left at daylight, not even attended, and without seeing me."

At this moment Lord Rosclerra's *valet* rapped at the door, and handed the notary a note, with his lordship's compliments.

The notary tore it open, and read as follows:

"Do not let my unavoidable absence interfere with the search you purposed. I am deeply anxious that it should proceed without delay; but urgent, in fact, imperative private affairs call me away for the day. I expect to be at Soulanges before evening.
ROSCLERRA."

The notary laid his hand on the bell and rang it; his face had turned quite purple with agitation, and while he waited the appearance of a servant, he hurried up and down the apartment, in a manner at once ludicrous and pitiable. His face expressed rage, astonishment and terror, and he stamped his foot furiously, as though quite beyond himself with some new complication.

"The devil seize all women!" he exclaimed, flinging himself into the chair from which he had risen. "Here have we two mad-brained young fools, who are, doubtless, murdering each other against this. Unavoidable and urgent business! *Ma foi*, my young gentlemen, I will try if monsieur the *Maire* of Chartres will not put his spoon in that omelet! But perceive, here is another delay in our search!"

"Tranquelize yourself," said the physician, soothingly, "and explain the situation, if it occurs to you that I can be of any service in the emergency."

The notary leant across the table and seized his fat hand.

"Monsieur," he said, "you suspect much—I know much; but there is more to be searched out than you imagine, or than I dare think."

The physician smiled curiously.

"For suspect you may say *know*!" he said, in a low and significant voice. "Last night placed a slender clue in my hand. Do you recollect Queen Eleanor, in English history? My good, friend I have been traveling to Woodstock all night. Come! I'll lead you a little way on the road."

At this moment a servant answered the bell, and, directing him to have a horse saddled and brought round, the notary dismissed him and turned eagerly toward the physician.

"Well!" he said, "be quick, my friend show me the clue. Even the slenderest may be of inestimable value."

Doctor de Grace was excited. His sleepy black eyes glowed, and his plump yellow cheeks became threaded with crimson. He moved his chair round the little table, until he sat so close to the notary that his whispering tones were distinctly audible,

and while Monsieur Bouchon listened with almost suspended breath, he began:

"Last night when I had retired, after administering an opiate to the beautiful Madame Bellerose, in the course of a couple of hours I became anxious to observe her condition, and, rising from the couch on which I had thrown myself, ready dressed, in case of an emergency, I stole quietly in my stocking-soles along the corridor, and with the utmost caution turned the handle of the door of the sick-room. I peep in. I behold something that fills me with amazement. I hold my breath with astonishment. I survey the tableau with curiosity. A strong light reveals to me Madame Bellerose, awake, and leaning over her her waiting-maid, Rosetta, whose visage emulates the snow. 'Ha!' I remark to myself, 'the opiate has ceased its influence; she no longer sleeps; and I am about to advance into the apartment, when I perceive in the hand of the black-eyed Rosetta something that glitters and dazzles me with a thousand green lights. I pause. I look earnestly from my lurking-place. I say to myself—'A parure of diamonds and emeralds!' I close the door still closer, in order that I may see and not be seen."

Here the physician paused, out of breath, and the notary, pale with excitement, exclaimed:

"The deuce! What an insolent little bandit!"

The physician wagged his head with a gesture of dissent.

"There you are wrong, monsieur. In itself a robbery would be nothing remarkable; but this was no robbery. I regard the tableau with an interest the most lively. I perceive that Rosetta whispers earnestly to Madame, who, making a great effort, whispers something in her ear, which evidently fills the *femme de chambre* with agitation. She turns from the bedside, and, hearing a footstep in the corridor, I trot softly to my chamber, unwilling to be found playing the role of an *espion*."

The notary during this speech had twisted his countenance into various and wonderful contortions, and as Doctor de Grace ceased speaking and gazed penetratingly at him, he bounded from his chair with something like the action of an automaton.

"Well," he said, "you have detained me during these valuable minutes in order to listen to your story of emeralds and waiting-maids. *Ma foi*! where is the clue to conduct me to Woodstock?"

The physician smiled, and regarded the notary with an air of amusement.

"I am not too certain of the wisdom of my course in betraying secrets which accident has revealed to me," he said, with tantalizing meditateness; "and, after all, the clue may not be worth—'pouf'—that wreath of smoke I wave from my cigarette!"

"Speak!" ejaculated the notary, grinding his teeth, and eying the physician with the ferocious air of a hungry wolf who perceives before him a fat and tempting lamb.

"I have yet to arrive at my clue," said Doctor de Grace, "and in the cause of justice I place it in your hands. Hardly had I regained my apartment, when Rosetta, pale and trembling, summoned me to the bedside of her mistress, whom, on reaching, I found in a profound swoon. Naturally, I supposed that Rosetta had returned with me to the chamber of the invalid, but behold, when I required her assistance, she had vanished; nor did she reappear for nearly two hours. On recovering Madame from her swoon, to my great alarm, she raised herself with wonderful strength, and looked round the apartment. Her eyes were wild, and I trembled lest the hemorrhage should return, a *finale* I deemed almost inevitable. She apparently took Madame Bouchon, who supported her head, for Rosetta, and, seizing her hand, she exclaimed, in her own tongue, which a former conversation between us has informed you that I am thoroughly acquainted with, 'Have you seen her? Did you give her the emeralds?' To quiet her, I said, in a low voice, close to her ear, 'Yes; all that you directed me to do I did.' A look of relief crossed her countenance, and in the same eager tone she continued, 'Has she promised to leave this, and never return? Has she promised to take him away where my eyes will never rest on him again?' Once more I whispered, 'Yes; and, with a placid smile, Madame sank down on her pillows. 'No murder now,' she said, in a whisper, so low that had not my ear been close to her lips I could not have heard a syllable. Her eyes closed, and she instantly fell into the profound sleep of exhaustion. Do you find yourself trotting toward Woodstock, *mon ami*?"

The notary gazed at the physician with dilated eyes, his hands rested limply on the table, and he found himself unable to do more than nod his head for his companion to proceed.

"When Rosetta reappeared," continued the physician, "I observed her narrowly. She trembled as though cold, and her hair was much disordered, as though by the wind. Her face was perfectly pallid, and when she advanced to assist me in arranging the pillows under the head of Madame, who still slumbered, her hands were like ice. She did not account for her absence in any way, and I imagine that she thought it had not been noticed, and I did not undeceive her. Do you begin to connect two floating ideas?"

The notary sat down as suddenly as he had risen. A look of extreme discomfort sat on his countenance; he thrust his hands into his pockets and stared at the physician. His face turned from brown to red, and from red to brown, as he recalled the scene in the library between himself and Rosetta, but he shook his head.

"I cannot say I seize the ideas," said the notary, thoughtfully. "What you tell me opens a long vista of new speculations, but I cannot connect the scene you have detailed and our present object of investigation."

The physician arched his brows until his forehead became a mass of shining, pulpy wrinkles. He shrugged his huge shoulders, and patted the carpet impatiently with his round foot.

"To whom do you suppose this lovely Madame Bellerose sends her glittering, shining jewels?" he said, extending his hand oratorically. "Why, to the very woman and man for whom her son and you, urged on by different motives, are seeking. Why, the idea is as plain as—"

he looked about for a simile, and finding none, grinned silently, but with infinite expression.

The notary caught the idea, and looked with admiration at the physician, who rose ponderously and looked at his watch.

"I have placed my tiny clue in your hands," he said; "use it as you will. As for me, I go to the apartment of Madame Bouchon, who last night and this morning is mysteriously hysterical."

He looked hard at the notary, who winced at the allusion, and perceiving that there was something to hear, the physician made a pretense of winding his watch, comparing it with the *pendule* in the sunny little room, thus giving the notary time to speak if he would. Madame's had been more than a common fit of hysterics, and Doctor de Grace felt curiosity as to what could possibly have agitated the rosy, commonplace Madame Bouchon to the extent in which he found her. The notary spoke after a moment's silence, but it was not to explain the origin of Madame's hysterics. It was to pour into the physician's ear the sequel to the scene he had

witnessed between Mrs. Bellerose and Rosetta, but from which the astute De Grace did not fail to eliminate the information he required, although it interested him but little in comparison with the strange and mysterious events gradually unfolding before him.

The result of the mutual confidences between the physician and the notary was, that while the latter was spurring toward Chartres, the former sought an interview with Rosetta, who accorded it to him with extreme unwillingness.

The lovely Spring sunshine rioted through the lofty rooms, a bright mockery to poor Julie, leaning her throbbing temples against the window-sill in her pleasant room, while her heart died within her as she thought of Dorion on his way to that dreaded interview with Victor. Would he be faithful to his promise that he would treat with forbearance the frantic man who would doubtless, in his paroxysms of jealous rage, behave in a manner that, only because of Dorion's fine pity for herself, must have resulted in blood. It was a very carnival of mockery to poor Madame Bouchon, as she lay vacantly watching it, and recalling Bouchon's peridious conduct with the luckless Rosetta, who at the same moment was writhing under the keen cross-examination of De Grace in the library. It fell, keenest mockery of all, on the couch of Mrs. Bellerose, and its brightest touches could not dispel a mysterious something that was creeping over that perfect face. So slowly gathering, that no human eye could detect its presence, though a subtler sense might feel and shake before it.

It was no mockery to Madame's *Bébé* lying in a flood of it on the floor of the Blue Chamber, letting the beams slip through her dimpled fingers, laughing and chuckling in uproarious baby mirth, as the pink fingers failed to retain them, and bringing curious shadows of smiles to the lovely, vacant eyes of Ophelia, who, true to her constant habit, sat watching the pretty creature, echoing the baby laughter mechanically, and sometimes touching the dimpled cheeks or tiny rings of golden hair with a curious, wistful, lingering touch. In the Blue Chamber the sunlight revealed, pouring through the roses in a broken ocean of light, finding a fitting playmate in Mademoiselle *Bébé*, and darting off at a tangent, to glitter in the immense gold earrings of *Bonne-Jeanne*, as she sat clicking her knitting-needles, and smiling to herself at the pretty tableau at her feet.

CHAPTER XXXV.—THE "GOLDEN GRAPES."

IN the meantime, Comte Victor La Grange was nursing his wrath in a pretty little inn standing on the market-square of the golden little town of Chartres. A golden little town, inasmuch as the quaint old houses of brick were mellowed to the darkest shade of that tint by the generous suns of centuries. A golden little town, because every spot in it seemed built especially that the sunlight might pervade it, and especially a golden little spot because everything was cheaper, fresher, daintier than in any other retired town in the south of France.

In the principal "place" golden sheep swung over the doors of the tiny *boutiques*, looking mildly down at the passers-by, and shining in the sun like glorified sheep in a fairy tale; or golden scales quivered over those shops where fragrant chests of tea and varied spices lent the atmosphere an aromatic flavor; and under a huge lime-tree a tiny anvil stood, redly reflecting, in its newly gilded sides, the leaping flames from the forge-fire within; for, the smith was newly married; and, in order to do proper honor to the occasion, he had had the emblem of his trade freshly burnished, until it looked as though Vulcan might have used it to weld the golden shoes of Pegasus, or form Cupid's arrow-heads on.

In this golden town there was but one inn, the "Golden Grapes," a fat, square, mellow old house, standing sunning itself obtrusively on the market-square, with an air as though it had its hands in its pockets, and was regarding the people surging up to its very threshold, with its head on one side, a complacent welcome twinkling in its burnished casements, which reflected like a kaleidoscope, broken morsels of scarlet *camisoles*, white caps, blue *blouses*, and glistening earrings, and a never-failing plume of diamonds from the fountain in the square. The floors of the "Golden Grapes" were polished until they became lakes of light for the inevitable sunbeams to dip themselves in, and it boasted a private *appartement*, glorious with daintily carved lions' heads in glittering brass and uncouth carvings, for the repose of travelers of the better classes; and in this chamber, at the time the notary left the château, Dorion and Victor were retired, talking in tones that, could Julie have heard, would have filled her with the most intense fears for the result of the interview.

The notary was well acquainted with the people of the "Golden Grapes," and, handing the bridle of his steaming horse to a sallow *garçon* with a straw between his lips, he entered the *auberge*, and speedily ascertained that the two young men were in the house. He hesitated whether to seek an interview with them, and endeavor to prevent the fray that he felt was inevitable; but, remembering how futile were his efforts on a late occasion, he left the *auberge*, and hastily took his way to the residence of monsieur the *Maire* of Chartres, with the intention of securing his aid in preventing the carrying-out of their hostile plans.

It was high noon, and as he hurried through the town groups of peasants passed him, *en route* for their different homes, driving donkeys with panniers, singing and shouting to large-eyed oxen, as they drew the heavy, rumbling wains over the uneven pavements, and exchanging laughing sallies as they passed their acquaintances. The weather had become very warm, and between mental agitation and the fervid sun, the notary was glowing like a coal ere he reached the trim residence of the *Maire*. He had left a *garçon* to watch the apartment, in case the would-be belligerents should issue from it, with strict orders to watch them closely, and if they left the *auberge* before his return, to follow them, leaving word with the host of the direction in which they went.

The notary was a man of too much importance for his hebeasts to be neglected, and he felt confident that the young men would be unable to escape him; and, anxious to prevent even the breath of a public scandal on account of Mademoiselle Soulanges, he nearly flew on his way to the *Maire*. He was so fortunate as to find that functionary sunning himself on his lawn, admiring a bright *parterre* of earliest Spring flowers, and smoking a very mild cigarette; but finding him and finding his intelligence were essentially different things.

He was a very fat man, a very sleepy man, and, needless to say, an inordinately stupid man. Still, he had the rare virtue, *even in a man*, of having a secure lock to his lips, and a secret confided to him remained a secret, either from the fact that he forgot everything that he heard almost immediately, or from a sense of honor.

The notary, shivering with impatience, was obliged to explain and re-explain the object of his visit, while the *Maire* blinked at him from behind his cigarette, with the profound air peculiar to the bird of Minerva, and the silence which is said to betoken wisdom.

It is useless to give their conversation, word for word, but by dint of gesticulation, explanation and the slightest *sonnet* of anger, the notary managed to prevail on the *Maire* to accompany him to the "Golden Grapes," and by his judicial presence prevent the young men from proceeding to extremities. Every moment he felt to be of importance, and the unfortunate *Maire* suffered in the flesh as the notary hurried him through the warm sun in the direction of the *auberge*; and what was the mortification of the notary when his deputy, the *garçon*, approached him, and informed him that the young men had left the house; but, as they had gone in different directions, he had found it impossible to obey the directions of the notary to follow them.

The notary stamped with rage, and the *Maire* turned purple on finding that his rapid walk through the sun had been somewhat in the nature of a fool's errand. They had gone in different directions—a mere *ruse*! Doubtless, at this moment they were making targets of each other in some retired spot in the neighborhood. The notary was well acquainted with the locality, and his mind ran rapidly over the spots men on such an errand would be likely to resort to. But stay, the forest of Rancy was but a couple of leagues from the town. If they retired thither, who was to find them in time to prevent murder?

The notary, to the inexpressible astonishment of the *garçon*, grasped his wiry hair with his hands and pulled it violently, as a slight expression of his agitation. In a tone that electrified the *garçon* and frightened the *Maire*, he ordered round his horse, and, without a word to the latter, galloped away at a mighty pace over the rough pavement of the golden town, and was soon out in the white country road leading to the forest of Rancy.

Dorion had left the inn on foot, as had Victor, and while this seemed another proof of their hostile intentions, it afforded him the hope that he might overtake them. Leaving him *en route* for the forest, we will return to Lord Rosclerra and Victor.

As he had anticipated, Dorion found Victor utterly furious, and apparently incapable of listening to the explanations into which, according to his promise to Julie, Dorion had come determined to enter. He stormed, he raved, he hurled maledictions on Julie, Dorion, and Madame Soulanges; in fact, he behaved like what for the time he undoubtedly was, a madman, and finding every attempt to lay matters before him in their true light useless, Dorion listened to his ravings as long as he could manage to restrain his indignation. He had the powerful incentive of Julie's piteous pleadings to curb his naturally fiery temper; but when Victor's language became that of violent insult, he rose up, pale as a statue of an avenging Deity, and transixed that son of fire with the icy terrors of his blue and sparkling eyes.

"Enough, sir!" he said, in that full, low voice which resembles the subdued roar of artillery.

Victor paused in his vituperative eloquence. "Oh!" he said, his eyes sparkling with pleasure, "so you will at length consent to fight me? I thought you had been a coward!"

Dorion contracted his fine brows until his eyes looked black in their shadow.

"Come, sir," he said, "as the challenged party, I claim the right to fix time, place and weapons."

"With all my heart. Proceed, monsieur."

"Well, the time, four o'clock this afternoon."

"Excellent; but why wait so long?"

"The place, the forester's lodge in the park of the château."

"The deuce! But as you please. And the weapons?"

"Pistols; but as I have no wish to be concerned in an assassination, I shall bring a witness."

"Well, as you please; for my part, I am not afraid to trust myself to your honor. I shall come to our rendezvous alone."

Thus it happened that while the notary was flying like a Gallic Tam o' Shanter toward Rancy, Victor and Dorion were still in Chartres, attending to some trifles that claimed their attention.

Monsieur the physician made very little of his cross-examination of Rosetta. She started and trembled a little when he told her of what he had witnessed between herself and Mrs. Bellerose, and she turned pale when he urged her, in the ends of justice, to tell if the person to whom she had been deputed to carry the jewels was she whom the notary was seeking; but she held her lips obstinately closed; only when he threatened to expose her to Dorion, she turned on him with scarlet cheeks and flaming eyes.

"Do so," she said, "and he will believe you, when at this moment the emeralds are lying in your compartments of the casket! What proof have you against me?"

Then she closed her red, resolute lips, and though he threatened and cajoled, and put each and all of his clever arts in practice, she remained as dumb as the portraits smirking on them from the walls, and spoke no word.

That's a wonderful woman!" the doctor soliloquized, when, tired with fruitless endeavors to break her obstinate silence, he at length suffered her to depart. "I never before met a woman capable of holding her tongue. Well! I must go and look at my beautiful and mysterious Madame, whom this handsome wonder so faithfully serves."

About an hour after, Rosetta, busy in Julie's apartment, was surprised to see a groom ride furiously from the château, and while she looked after him, a knock on the door brought her to open it, and roused Julie, who had been dozing uneasily on the bed. She opened it, and Madame Bouchon, pale with agitation as the lace frills on her *bonnet-de-nuit*, stood on the threshold.

Something in her eyes struck Julie's dreamy orbs wide and shining with terror, and Rosetta dropped the linen she had been folding on the carpet.

Without pausing to hear the words issuing from Madame's trembling lips, Rosetta sprang past her, and rushed toward the sick-chamber. On the threshold she almost ran into the arms of the physician, who was coming out. He held her by the arm, while he softly closed the door behind her, and then drew her, trembling and cold, to a little distance from it.

"Listen to me," he said, in a serious and solemn voice; "if you know of anything that it would be well for her family to know, see to it at once, for your mistress is dying. Tell me now what I asked of you in the library, an hour since. It cannot affect her whom you serve, one way or the other."

But Rosetta had fallen in a heap at his feet, and for the second time the physician was disappointed of his answer.

A dispatch had been sent off to Chartres in search of Lord Rosclerra, who, secure in the morning report that his mother was progressing favorably, was on his way to Soulanges, by a quiet road leading from the highway, otherwise he would in all probability have met the groom who had been sent to seek him; but as it was, he missed him.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—WRECKED!

DORION reached the forester's lodge a little before four, the time appointed for his meeting with Victor, whom he was not at all surprised to find there in advance of him, striding up and down the little opening with the air of a Bengal

tiger, and lashing the mossy trunks of the old trees with his riding-whip.

The place was shadowy and dismal, and overhead a couple of crows were wheeling and cawing as though they smelt something charming between them. Victor's horse was tied to a tree, and Dorion slowly proceeded to secure his in a like manner. The pretty creatures put their noses sociably together, and uttered little neighs of salutation after the manner of their kind, while Victor glared savagely at Lord Rosclerra, whose handsome face looked worn and anxious as he stood looking round him thoughtfully.

The place was dolefully quiet; not a twig stirred or leaf vibrated; and the crows, settling on a neighboring branch, eyed the young men with an air of thoughtful speculation. The ruined lodge looked grimmer and more goblin-like than ever, and Dorion could hardly repress a shudder as he glanced round him. The fiery Victor, too, seemed somewhat subdued by his surroundings, and shrugged his shoulders with an air of disgust as he proceeded to button his black coat tightly across his chest, while he cast an impatient glance at Dorion, who seemed in no hurry to prepare for the encounter.

He was leaning against a tree in the attitude of one absorbed in thought, and Victor reddened and bit his lips at what he conceived to be a studied display of carelessness on the part of his enemy. He drew out his watch and glanced at it.

"Come, monsieur," he exclaimed, "let us select our positions; it is already four o'clock."

To his surprise, Dorion consulted his own watch, and replying, curtly, "It yet requires five minutes of the hour by mine," he remained motionless, leaning against the tree, but with his eyes turned expectantly toward the little alley leading into the open space.

Victor, who, it had been arranged, was to bring his pistols, drew a little case containing them from the breast-pocket of his coat, and opening it, the barrels, adorned with his monogram in silver, glistened in the light. He handed one to Dorion, who took it mechanically, still listening and watching.

"Oh!" thought Victor, disdainfully, "the witness without whom this cautious Englishman will not fight!"

He was impatient to spill the blood of the man whom he hated, and he trembled lest anything should occur to prevent the duel taking place. A sudden thought struck him—might not Dorion be playing him false after all? Might not this expected witness be the notary or some one who could and would prevent the meeting? He grasped his pistol in fingers that burned like fire, and he smiled triumphantly.

"It that should prove to be the case, I shall shoot him like a dog!"

At this moment a rustling was heard in the narrow path, and Julie, pale as a ghost, advanced into the little glade. She was in her white morning-wrapper, her head was bare, and her feet thrust into slippers, one of which she had lost.

Dorion, who had expected her, stood appalled at the pallor of her visage, and Victor, who decidedly had not recoiled in horror and amazement, dropping the pistol he held in his hand as he did so.

"I am in time, I perceive," she said, glancing at the young men, and Victor quivered under the fine scorn in her blue eyes, but his heart leaped with rage as her gaze turned from him to Lord Rosclerra. She came swiftly up to Dorion, and put both her hands on his arm, gazing earnestly in his face as she did so. Something in her eyes sent the blood from Dorion's face, and involuntarily he caught her hand in his, and gazed fascinated into her eyes.

"What is it?" he said, in that low, even voice peculiar to him when deeply agitated.

She still looked at him solemnly, mournfully, and with a suppressed exclamation Dorion recoiled from her. He put up his hand, and stood waiting for her to speak, although already he knew what her words would be.

Ineffable pity and affection shone in Julie's eyes. "My dear, good cousin," she said, "you know what I would say. Your mother—"

Julie raised her hands to her face and burst into tears.

It is not the nature of an Englishman to display many external signs of the emotions that shake his very soul, and except for the marble hue of his face, and the studied calmness of his voice when he spoke, none could have guessed how deeply the blow struck home.

"When did it happen?" he said, busying himself with disengaging his horse from the tree to which it had been tied.

"About an hour since," sobbed Julie. "They sent for you to Chartres immediately on finding that— But you had left the town, no one could tell in what direction."

"Thank you, dear," said Dorion, and was turning away when a sudden thought struck him. He returned, and fixing his stern eyes on Victor, he said: "I have your mad folly to thank for being absent from the deathbed of my mother, but at once and for ever to end this, I beg your attention for a few moments."

Victor looked at Lord Rosclerra. Julie was clinging to Dorion as though for protection, and her pretty, pale face was hidden on his shoulder. While he held the bridle with one hand, his other passed round her waist, for she was trembling violently. Victor ground his teeth, but remained silent, and Dorion continued:

"When your insolent challenge reached me, my first intention was to meet you at once, and force from you at any cost an apology; but, like a good angel, your betrothed wife interposed, and by her tears and entreaties forced from me a promise that I should not fight you. Before meeting you at Chartres this morning, she and I had arranged that, if in your madness you would not listen to my explanations, and insisted on a meeting between us, I was to appoint it at this spot, in order that she might herself explain everything to you—a step, it is needless to say, of which I utterly disapproved. Now, Julie, speak."

Julie raised her face from Dorion's shoulder, and looked at Victor mournfully—Victor, who alternately turned red and pale with various emotions.

"What Lord Rosclerra has said is perfectly true," the girl sadly answered. "Now it only remains for me to say that your jealousy of my cousin was and is totally unfounded. He never sought in any way to usurp your place in my affections, and though my pride and womanly dignity demand from me a sacrifice I am ready to make, that of parting from you at once and for ever, I shall tell you this—that, not marrying you, I shall never marry; that, loving you once, I shall love you always; but never, never shall we meet again. I dare not trust my happiness to the keeping of a jealous madman."

She spoke so steadily, that her words bore a more powerful conviction with them than the most violent display of emotion could have done; and as Victor stared at her snowy face, he felt that the doom he had brought upon himself was indeed sealed. He would have spoken, but, lifting his hat to him frigidly, Lord Rosclerra turned away, drawing Julie with him, and rapidly left the glade.

As they disappeared, Julie turned and waved her hand to Victor, in mute and mournful adieu. The

next moment her white garments vanished amid the trees, and he had looked his last on Julie Soulanges. In a short time the little glade was apparently restored to its pristine solitude.

As the last echo of the hoofs of Victor's horse died away in the distance, the square form of the amiable Vantage emerged from the shadows of the haunted lodge, and his squinting eyes looked diabolically and searchingly round him. Having ascertained that no human eye rested on him, he uttered a low and peculiar whistle, and the mass of brambles, mentioned before as growing thickly round a certain part of the wall of the ruin, rustled and crackled, and the tall form of Therese emerged, apparently from the ground.

She did not venture completely from her lair, but beckoned Vantage to approach, which he did, looking anxiously and keenly about, as though dreading discovery. He carried a bundle in his hand, which the old woman snatched at before he had time to sink.

"I am nearly famished with hunger," she said.

"What kept you so long?"

She spoke in broken, but perfectly comprehensible French, and eyed him sullenly and suspiciously, as she began to gnaw ravenously at a loaf of black bread which she tore from the bundle.

"Eh!" said Vantage, in an injured tone. "Am I to blame? Am I to rush out and discover myself to that English miller who was here a moment since, about to fight Monsieur le Comte La Grange? Pshaw! Am I a fool?"

"No; only a knave," said Therese, sharply. "What were they talking about? It is well I did not venture out of hiding!"

"Oh, it was some trifling such as young men fight about every day. They made it up, and went away fraternally."

"Queer!" said Therese, thoughtfully. "Vantage," she said, turning on her companion so sharply that he started and crossed himself, "you are keeping something from me. Out with it, now!" She shook her lean hand in his face, and the vinegrower drew back somewhat suddenly.

"I? Morbleu! What should I keep from thee? Are we not to share the spoils and the dangers of to-night between us? Bah, Therese! What should I keep from thee?"

"How do I know?" said the old woman, sullenly. "You would sell me, body and soul, to the gens-d'armes, for a few francs more than your share of the pay for to-night's work!"

"How unjust!" ejaculated Vantage, with an air of sentimental disgust; "to suppose an old comrade capable of such treachery! Ma foi! I don't know what the world is coming to!"

"Yes, I have you there!" ejaculated Therese, savagely. "An old comrade, truly; though the notary suspects, he does not know, as I do, that your hands are as deep in his brother's blood as mine. Ah, ah! we were all young in those days. Young and handsome, weren't we, Vantage?"

She laughed diabolically, and Vantage stood regarding her, with a very sly and evil smile indeed on his lips.

"Come, Therese!" he said, "do you remember distinctly the terms of the alternative you proposed to the lady up yonder. It wouldn't do to make a mistake at the last."

"I remember them well enough. Why shouldn't I, after the trouble of writing them down?"

"Well, just repeat them to me, will you? They sound rich, you know."

The eyes of Therese sparkled like coals of fire.

"Rich! It would need be rich for such a night's work. Well, listen. I wrote to her on a sheet of paper that if she wanted me to go away and leave her in peace for ever, she was to bring me to the broken fountain as much gold or jewels as she could, when I'd leave her in peace, to dispose of the person she knew of as she thought proper. If, on the other hand, she wanted that person put out of the way, she was to take no notice, but leave her own room-door open, and her jewel-casket, with all the jewels in it, on her own table; in the morning she would find them gone. Ah, I didn't live in the chateau so long without finding out ways and means of being in and out when I chose."

She drew a large iron key from her bosom and held it up.

"They don't know it's gone," she said, grinning as she replaced it. "It opens a side door that's never used, that leads into a corridor that is almost deserted. It's all plain, you see."

Monsieur Vantage nodded thoughtfully, and having conversed a little longer in low and cautious tones, Therese disappeared amongst the brambles, while the vinegrower returned slowly to the bosom of his family.

As he went, his thoughts were much as follows: "Hum! I wonder was I right to keep dark about the death up yonder? It can't make much difference, for, I dare say, the personage the charming Therese is to operate on to-night is best out of the way. To be sure, she may not be able to lay hands on the casket!" At this point Vantage paused, struck with horror at the bare idea, and he was about to return to Therese and inform her of the death of Mrs. Bellerose, when another thought occurred to him. "Pshaw! Therese knows every winding of the place, she is as subtle as the devil, and when she finds the lady dead she will probably not only secure the casket, but who knows what other booty. But, stay! will not this murder be useless, when she can secure so much now without risking so much? Stay, stay, stay! I think of a plan. Admirable!"

After a moment's cogitation, he turned and ran rapidly back in the direction of the forester's lodge.

(To be continued.)

HOW THE ANCIENTS LIGHTED THEIR HOUSES.

THE ancients were ignorant of the method of refining oil. As a great luxury, they mixed it with perfumes—essence of roses and sandal-wood; but this rather detracted from than added to the burning properties of the liquid, and all that was obtained by the process was an increase of fragrance and a diminution of light. The dwellings of wealthy men, who expended extravagant sums upon scented oils, would not have borne comparison, in point of lighting, with the grimey taproom of a gas-lit public-house. The gold and silver lamps, hung, by slender, well-wrought chains, to marble pilasters, only yielded at their best a lurid, tapering flame, that gave out an enormous deal of smoke, fluttering in the slight breeze, and going out altogether at a gust of wind. Neither was it possible to steady the light by closing the apertures through which the air came, for had Roman or Grecian houses been possessed of glass windows, they would soon have become uninhabitable. The fresco-paintings of Pompeian villas, the delicate colors on the walls of urban palaces, would, in less than a month, have been hopelessly coated with lamp-soot. At the end of an hour's conference of an evening, a party of noble Romans would have resembled a congregation of chimney-sweeps. A tunic dyed in Tyrian purple would have acquired a mourning hue in no time.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The Strike in South Wales.

There is a prospect, in several quarters, of the settlement of the dispute between the colliers and the proprietors of collieries in South Wales. But in the meantime, some of the ironworks, having a stock of coal in hand, are enabled to resume operations. The strike, generally, throughout the district, has now gone through several weeks of its duration. Over 60,000 persons, it is thought, have not done a stroke of work there since December 28th. In giving this figure the number is under-estimated rather than exaggerated. The average weekly earnings of that industrial host was £60,000; while at the monthly settlements the payments exceeded the ordinary weekly draws by from 50 to 60 per cent. In the six weeks of idleness, therefore, the workmen have lost, in round figures, £400,000. The withdrawal of this vast sum from the circulation of the district has created such a dearth of money as was never experienced before. The strike-payment of the Miners' Union has amounted at the utmost to only £15,000—a miserable pittance compared with the sum which would have been distributed through the multifarious channels of trade had the works continued in operation. The general result is a complete stagnation of business among tradesmen of all classes, and a destitution among the working people greater than was ever known before in that part of the country. It has been observed that the poor families suffer from want of fuel as well as of food. The sketch shows a few of the women and children picking up "shindies," as they call the refuse stuff at the pit's mouth, to make their household fire.

Sketches in Newgate—Collection of Casts.

This picture represents a portion of Newgate Jail, London, adjoining the Entrance-hall, where the Warden is accustomed to exhibit to visitors the various plaster casts taken from the heads of criminals who have been hanged in front of the prison. Newgate is nearly a hundred years old, the first stone having been laid by Lord Mayor Beckford in 1770; the vast edifice was completed in 1782; but a portion, already constructed, had been burnt by the Gordon rioters in 1780. The architect was Mr. George Dance, R. A. The two facades, in the Old Bailey and in Newgate Street, the one 295 feet long, the other 115 feet, have an imposing aspect of gloomy grandeur. The outer walls are 3 feet in thickness. The plan comprises a keeper's house, in the centre, two lodges, and two wings, with yards, right and left. This prison is used as a place of detention for persons to be tried at the Central Criminal Court, as well as for those under sentence of death.

Japanese Ballet at the Kyoto Theatre.

The city of Kyoto was formerly known as Miako. The scene we have illustrated occurred at the Kyoto Theatre, and is thus described by an eye-witness: "Having sat a short time, a signal was given, and up went the curtain. The stage was brilliantly lighted with many dozens of candles. A pine-tree, painted on a gilt ground, was the scene. On each side of the stage was a raised dais, covered with scarlet drapery, on which sat the female musicians, with guitars, drums and flutes. The ballet-girls advanced along a matted way, leading from the side entrance, right across the pit on the left, in slow gait, with faces perfectly expressionless and painted ghastly white. With leisurely and measured steps they arrived on the stage, and 'went into figures,' as they say in America. The female musicians on each side were singing and playing the story which the ballet-girls were acting. The dresses were splendid, and the action in perfect time."

Egypt.—Departure of the Prince Royal from the Palace of El Mihich, Cairo.

A strange and picturesque scene was that witnessed on the 20th of last January, in the grand square adjoining the Palace El Mihich, Cairo. This was the occasion of the marriage of Prince Mehemet Thénik Pasha, the Khédive's eldest son, with a Princess. Upon spacious grounds, at the foot of the Citadel, fifty bullocks were slaughtered in the space of a few minutes, almost at the doors of the Palace. All the terraces of the neighboring houses were occupied by women, concealed from sight by the ample folds of the feredje. Then, in the presence of an immense concourse of people and at a fanfare of trumpets, the Khédive, the Privy Council, Cabinet Ministers, the Uleamas and Grand Sheikhs, the Princes, the mother of the bride, the bride herself and her suite, the bridegroom, the Khédive's wives and their suite, and, lastly, the eldest daughter of the Khédive, defiled at length from the courtyard of the Palace, in sumptuous carriages, accompanied by footmen, eunuchs, etc., in gorgeous livery, between two rows of soldiers. During the procession the military bands played incessantly. This was immediately after the signature of the marriage contract. In the evening the entire Palace was illuminated, as was also the courtyard, which presented a striking picture.

Inspection of the Royal Naval Artillery Volunteers.

The illustration above named shows Rear-Admiral Tarleton, C. B., a Lord of the Admiralty, inspecting the Volunteers, fifty-two in number, on board H. M. training-ship *President*, Captain Scott, R. N., commanding. The picture represents the scene on the upper deck of the man-of-war. The force is composed of gentlemen, who would take upon themselves the duties of seamen-guns in the Royal Navy. They are trained by skilled naval instructors from H. M. S. *Excellent* on board the training-ships of the Naval Reserve. Throughout the kingdom these Volunteers are intended to form a single body, to be made up of contingents furnished by different localities. The London contingent, which is organized for the defense of the Port of London and the River Thames, will man six gunboats armed with the most powerful modern ordnance. Mr. Broon commands the London contingent, while the entire force is under the command of Mr. T. Brassey, M. P. For the last four months, in spite of the exceptionally bad weather, the gentlemen of the London contingent have gone every Wednesday and Friday evening to the West India Docks for gun-practice on board Her Majesty's training-ship *President*, Captain Scott, R. N., and for drill in the adjoining shed.

Sketches of Berlin—Sunday at the Museum.

Before the recent war, Berlin, a place out of the usual route of Continental travel, attracted scarcely any tourists, except those who were proceeding to St. Petersburg, by the road on which it is situated. But since Berlin has become the capital of the new German Empire, and the seat of government for the first military power on the Continent, a wider interest is attached to it, and a greater curiosity prevails regarding it. Prussia, although a Protestant country, and one where the Sabbath is duly observed, does not hesitate to throw open all its art-galleries to those whose only holiday is the Sunday after the morning church service is over. Then a tide of pedestrians from all quarters of the city, and from its more populous environs, sets in the direction of the Lustgarten, on the northern side of which—up a broad flight of steps and under a vast Ionic colonnade, decorated with frescoes by Cornelius, directly facing the historic old chateau—is situated the entrance to the museum. First of all, there is a noble gallery of paintings, comprising examples of all the schools from the fifteenth to the eighteenth centuries, admirably classified, and including numerous *chefs-d'œuvre* of early

Flemish, German, and Italian art, and something like a score of Raphaels; a collection of classic and medieval sculpture; separate museums of Egyptian, Etruscan, Roman and Northern antiquities; reproductions in plaster of all the grand masterpieces of antique sculpture, rigidly classified and tastefully grouped in separate salons decorated with appropriate mural paintings; besides reproductions of *chefs-d'œuvre* of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, and of various modern works.

NEWS BREVITIES.

THE Imperial Parliament of Germany has been convoked.

A REVOLUTION is momentarily expected in Hayti, and Port-au-Prince is already in a state of siege.

THE Russian Government denies the report of an insurrection in the provinces of Volhynia and Podolia.

M. GAMBETTA has made a violent speech in the French Assembly against the Report of the Committee of Thirty.

FOREIGN men-of-war are cruising off the Spanish coasts to protect the subjects of their respective Governments.

THE Portuguese Cortes has passed a Bill authorizing the calling out of the reserves for the protection of the frontier.

THE River and Harbor Appropriation Bill, which calls for some \$5,750,000, has been passed by the House at Washington.

AMES and BROOKS only have been censured by the House in the Credit Mobilier case. The other offenders have escaped for the present.

THERE have been terrible election nomination riots in Quebec. The Government has ordered the troops to hold the polling-places on election day.

It is reported in Berlin that the Great Powers of Europe have resolved to postpone, for the present, any recognition of the Spanish Republic.

SEÑOR CASTELAR has addressed a note to the leading European Powers stating that the new Republic will be no brand of discord, and calling upon them for moral support.

At Bucharest, the Chambers, under a demand from the Government for immediate action, have passed a Bill authorizing the establishment of political agencies at Rome and Washington.

THE Carlists are now reported to have 35,000 men in the field. Families are still flying in great numbers from Spain, and the Infante Alfonso has joined the fortunes of his brother, Don Carlos.

THE Nova Scotian and New Brunswick Parliaments have been convened. Lieutenant-Governor Sir Hastings Doyle opening the session of the first, and his Excellency Governor Wilnot the latter, with speeches.

It is contradicted that negotiations are being made for the evacuation of French territory by the Germans. The probability is that Germany will keep an armed force in Belfort until the entire indemnity is paid.

THE insurgents are threatening Pampeluna in strong force, and General Pavia, who has not yet turned over the command of the Army of the North to General Novillas, is hurrying to the relief of the garrison of that city.

A MEMBER of the English House of Commons inquires whether the American Government intends to remit the surplus of \$2,500,000 over their actual losses, which they are reported to have received through the Geneva award.

IN the State Senate, Bills have been introduced to incorporate the New York and Florida Steamship and Land Company, to incorporate the National Exchange, and to amend the statute relative to property liable to taxation.

ITALY, Austria, and the majority of the European Powers, maintain semi-official relations with Spain, pending the formation of a regular government. Russia is not disposed to recognize in any manner the present Spanish Government.

DURING a debate in the French Assembly, the Marquis de Castellane urged the proclamation of a constitutional monarchy; and M. Hauvieux insisted that the country ought to be consulted as to its choice of a republic, monarchy or empire.

THERE is great diversity of opinion among the sections in the French Assembly regarding the constitutional project of the Committee of Thirty, but it is thought that M. Thiers will be supported by a majority of 100 when the question is brought to a vote.

PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF will shortly submit proposals to Great Britain for the meeting of an Anglo-Russian Commission to settle the boundaries of Afghanistan and the recognition of that Power as the intermediary between the English and Russian possessions in Asia.

KING GEORGE has opened the Greek Chambers in a speech in which he said the foreign relations of the country are in a satisfactory condition. The royal speech promises reforms in the government, the continuance of railway construction, and that brigandage shall be annihilated.

GENERAL SICKLES's reception at Madrid was attended by Señor Castelar, the leading diplomatists and men of letters in the city, and several representatives of the Spanish nobility. The reception was succeeded by a ball given to the Diplomatic Corps, which lasted until four o'clock in the morning.

THE Great Eastern, with 2,567 miles of cable on board, and her four consorts with the remaining quantity, are to sail the last week in May, to lay the line of the Anglo-American and French Cable Combination, which is expected to be ready for work by the 1st of July, touching Halifax and New York.

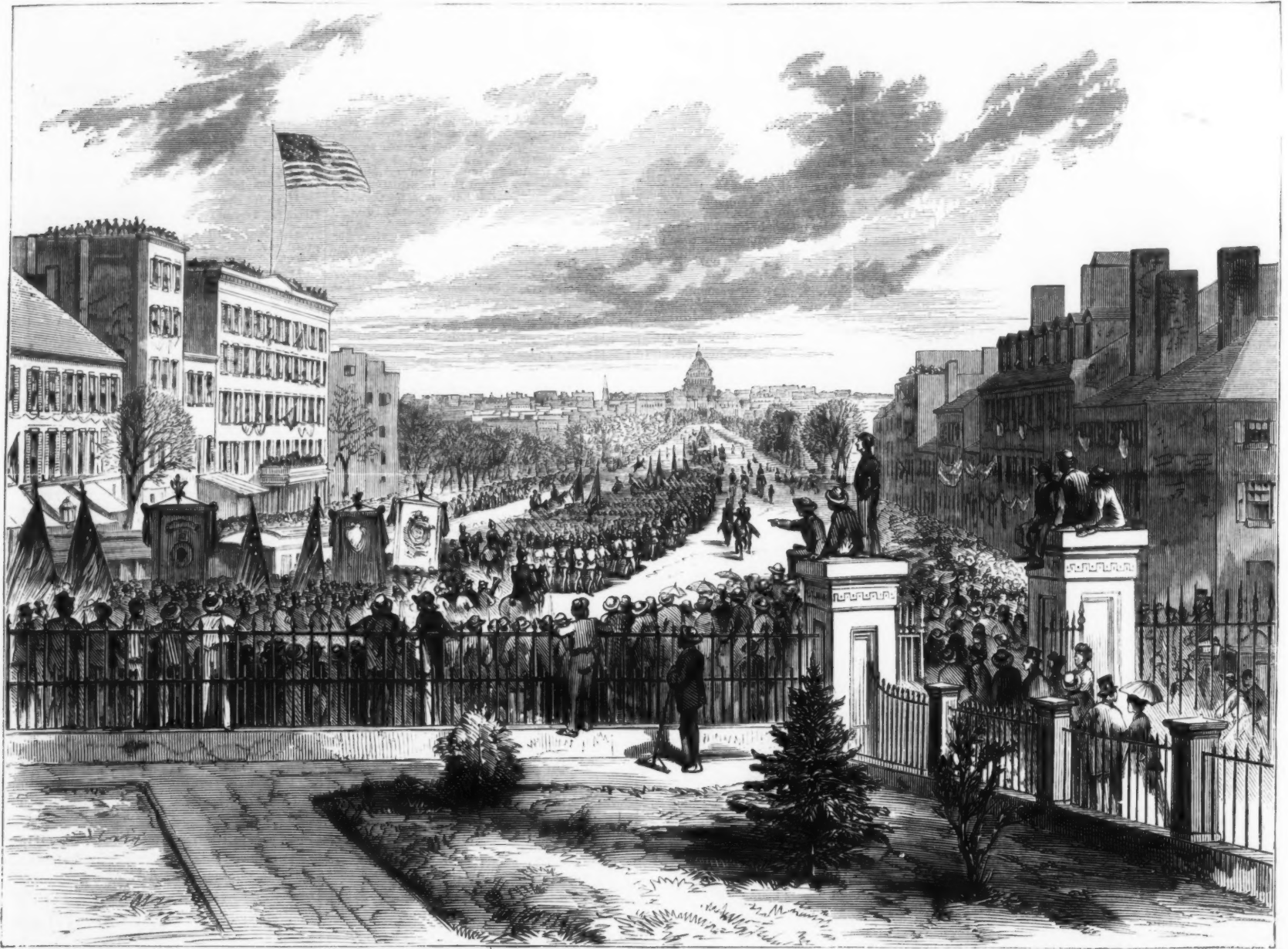
A SERIOUS insurrection has broken out among the peasants in the Russian provinces of Volhynia and Podolia, where the insurgents have committed frightful excesses. It is thought the outbreak is more serious than hitherto reported, as the Russian authorities forbid all dispatches relative to the trouble.

JUDGE BATANERO, and Mr. HALL, the United States Consul at Havana, have been appointed Commissioners to take testimony concerning claims of Americans for damages arising out of the insurrection. They commenced their investigations on the 14th ult., and at last accounts were proceeding satisfactorily.

EX-QUEEN ISABELLA has summoned Prince Alfonso from Rome. The Spanish Government are organizing an army to ward off Carlist invasions. The leading European powers stand aloof from the Republic, and have agreed to defend Portugal from Spanish aggression. Russia, Austria and Prussia are acting in union.

BILLS have been reported favorably in the Assembly for an Eastern Boulevard and water supply for New York; also to improve Eighty-sixth Street. Among others of minor importance, Bills were introduced to widen and extend Ann Street, New York; to incorporate the New York Society to Suppress Vice, and to regulate the sale of intoxicating liquors.

An agreement has been entered into between the adherents of Philippe Louis d'Orléans, Duke de Montpensier, and the political and dynastic adherents of the ex-Queen Isabella II., to place his Highness Alfonso, Prince of the Asturias, the ex-Queen's son, on the throne of Spain, Duke de Montpensier to be commissioned and act as Regent of the Kingdom during the minority of the Prince.



WASHINGTON, D. C.—THE INAUGURATION—VIEW OF THE PROCESSION, LOOKING DOWN PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE FROM THE TREASURY.—SEE PAGE 5.

FATHER BURKE'S DEPARTURE FOR ROME.

FATHER THOMAS BURKE, the distinguished Dominican friar, sailed from New York, for Rome, on the 22d of February, in company with Father Lilly. Father Burke's arrival, his subsequent receptions and departure were characterized by the enthusiasm which intelligence always concedes to worth. In all his lectures he has exhibited the research, precision and learning of the most profound scholar, and it was no wonder that the friends who accompanied him to the wharf were numbered by thousands. The *frères* went on board the *Fletcher*, at the Battery, about noon, amid the heartiest cheers of members of the St. Vincent Ferrers Society, the Emerald Club, of Brooklyn, and many temperance associations. With an unusual spread of bunting, the *Fletcher* steamed to Pier 45, North River, where the *City of Paris* was in waiting for the two friars. Here another dense assemblage of admiring friends was collected. Men and women, with little children, thronged the decks of the steamer, and clamored lustily for a speech.

In response, Father Burke spoke of the uniform courtesy with which he had been received while in this country, of the sorrow and necessity of his leave-taking, and of the hope he cherished of returning to his new-found friends after a few months. But little time was allowed for expressions of esteem, and, after a hurried lunch, the steamship swung out into the stream and started on its voyage, followed by the *Fletcher*, heavily laden with passengers, to the Lower Bay.

At the parting of the two boats in the Bay, a second clamor rose up for a farewell speech, when Father Burke gave further vent to his feelings of gratification.

CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.

THE Declaration of Independence of the United States was prepared, signed and promulgated in the year 1776, in the city of Philadelphia, on the Fourth of July. It was the birthday of the nation. Consequently, Congress approved, on the 3d of March, 1871, "An Act to provide for Celebrating its One Hundredth Anniversary by holding an International Exhibition of Arts, Manufactures and Products of the Soil and Mine, in Philadelphia, in 1876."

To accomplish this, a Commission, consisting of one delegate from each State and Territory of the United States, was appointed to prepare and superintend the execution of a plan for holding the exhibition, and, after conference with the authorities of the city of Philadelphia, to fix upon a suitable site within the corporate limits of the said city.

This Commission met in the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, on Saturday evening, the 22d of February. The place was thronged by an enthusiastic multitude determined to further the interests of the undertaking. Delegations from different societies entered the building in procession, and bore with them large transparencies having the following inscriptions: "Keystone Saw Works, Employers of Henry Disston & Son," "We are coming for Centennial stock, \$16,000 more." On one end of the transparency was a Keystone with the date "1776" upon it, and underneath, "Saws Imported; none made here." On the other end was also a Keystone with the date "1876," and underneath it, "Saws exported.

Philadelphia beats the World." Their appearance was greeted with vociferous and prolonged applause. Before the commencement of the business of the meeting, the stage, set with a woodland scene, was occupied by members of the Constitutional Convention, distinguished gentlemen from other States. Members of the Centennial Commission, officers of the meeting, and others. The fronts of the balcony and upper tiers were hung with the coats-of-arms of the different States, interspersed with guidons bearing the names of the different counties of Pennsylvania. After a delightful overture, performed by Hassler's orchestra, Hon. Daniel J. Morrell presented Hon. Simon Cameron as the presiding officer of the meeting, and the nomination was, with applause, confirmed.

Mr. John Wanamaker read the list of trade subscriptions, which, with other sums already pledged by the people of Philadelphia and its vicinity, amount to nearly \$1,500,000.

Speeches were made by ex-Governor Pollock, Dr. George B. Loring, of Massachusetts; United States Senator John Scott, Bishop Simpson, Julius C. Burroughs and Senator Furman.

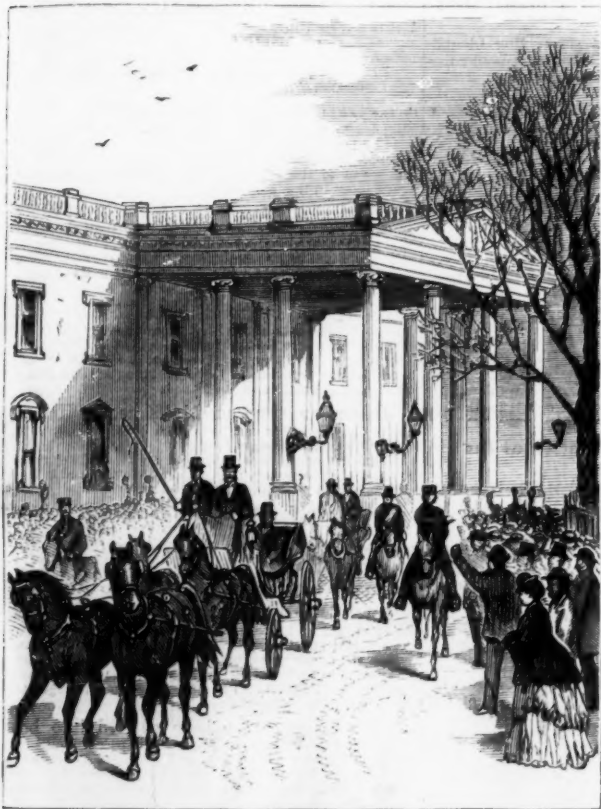
Letters from President Grant, Secretary of the Navy Robeson, United States Attorney-General Williams, Governor John F. Hartranft, Bishop Wood, of Philadelphia; Hon. Charles O'Connor, of New York; Judge Thomas Settle, Hon. Charles Francis Adams, and Hon. Joel Parker, Governor of New Jersey, expressing their warmest sympathy in behalf of the success of the Centennial movement, and regretting their inability to attend the meeting, were read, and at a late hour the meeting adjourned.

Our illustration shows the assemblage at the most interesting period of its proceedings.

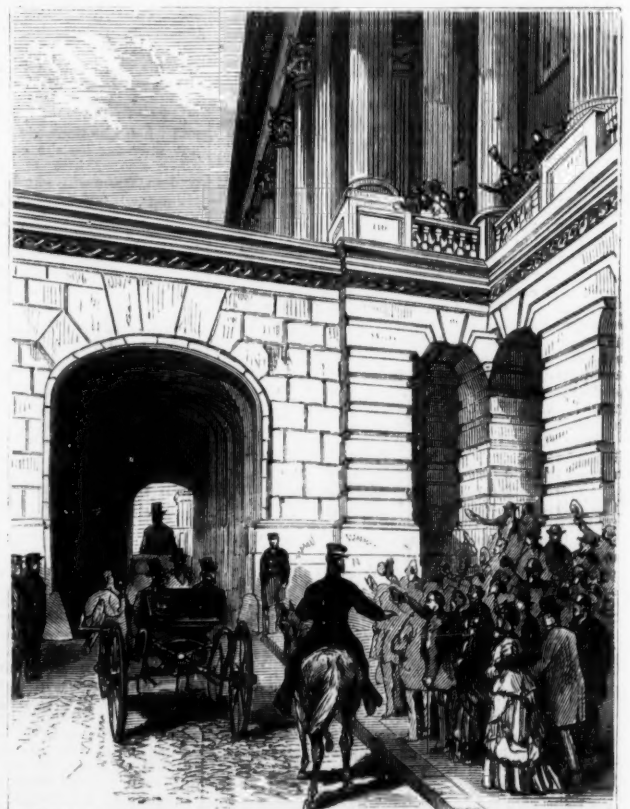
PÈRE-LA-CHAISE.

FRENCH taste stops short of French cemeteries. One can find a certain degree of consolation, of sentiment at least, by a grave grass-grown, a mound consecrated by the touch of loving hands, with flowers that have drawn their bloom and fragrance from the very soil lying above the heart of the sleeper. In Père-la-Chaise, where are buried the poets and artists, the authors and men of power and feeling who have glorified France, one would hope to find some expression, sweet and tender, if anywhere. But Père-la-Chaise is not only hard and

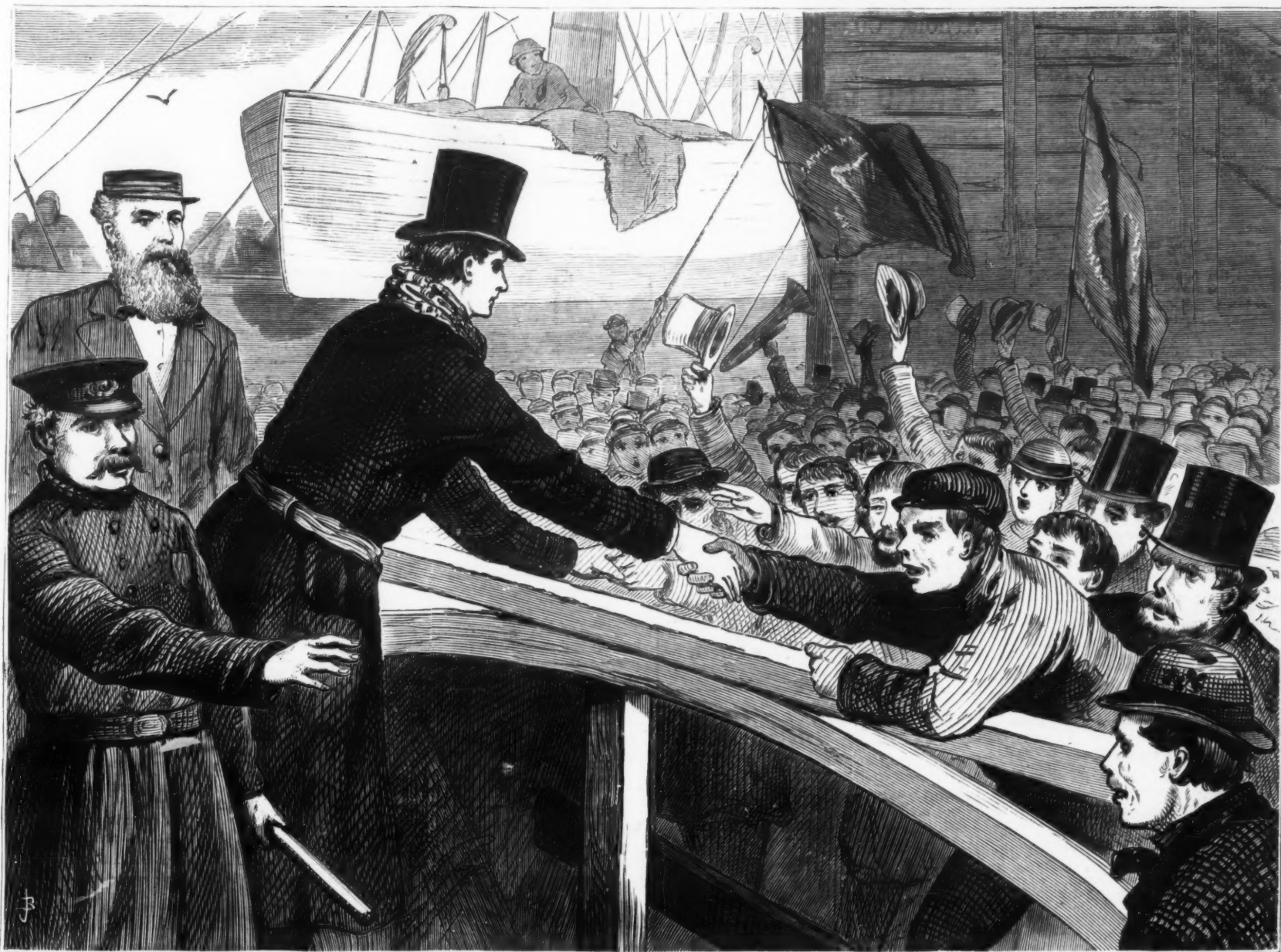
forbidding, but ridiculous. The principal avenues are paved like the streets of New York, and are bordered with trimmed trees. Close to the curbstones are the tombs, the majority of which are in the form of small houses. If one is curious enough to look through the grating of the iron doors, he will see the furnished interior, with an altar—perhaps, candles, crucifixes, etc. Aside from these are bunches of artificial flowers, photographs, chairs, ornaments, and the like. On the walls are lettered the names of the dead, and not unfrequently the maiden name of women is specifically given as well as the married one. The ridiculous feature of the cemetery is the form in which French grief expresses itself. Here and there are urns on the top of tombs, bearing flowers in full bloom; but everywhere are hung wreaths and crosses and various designs in metal and glass, wreaths and crowns and crosses of black beads being paramount. Roofs of sheet-iron or glass are erected to protect these glass and tinsel affairs from the elements. The general effect produced is that of a city of baby houses, tricked out with toys to amuse children for an hour or two. Ten dollars will buy



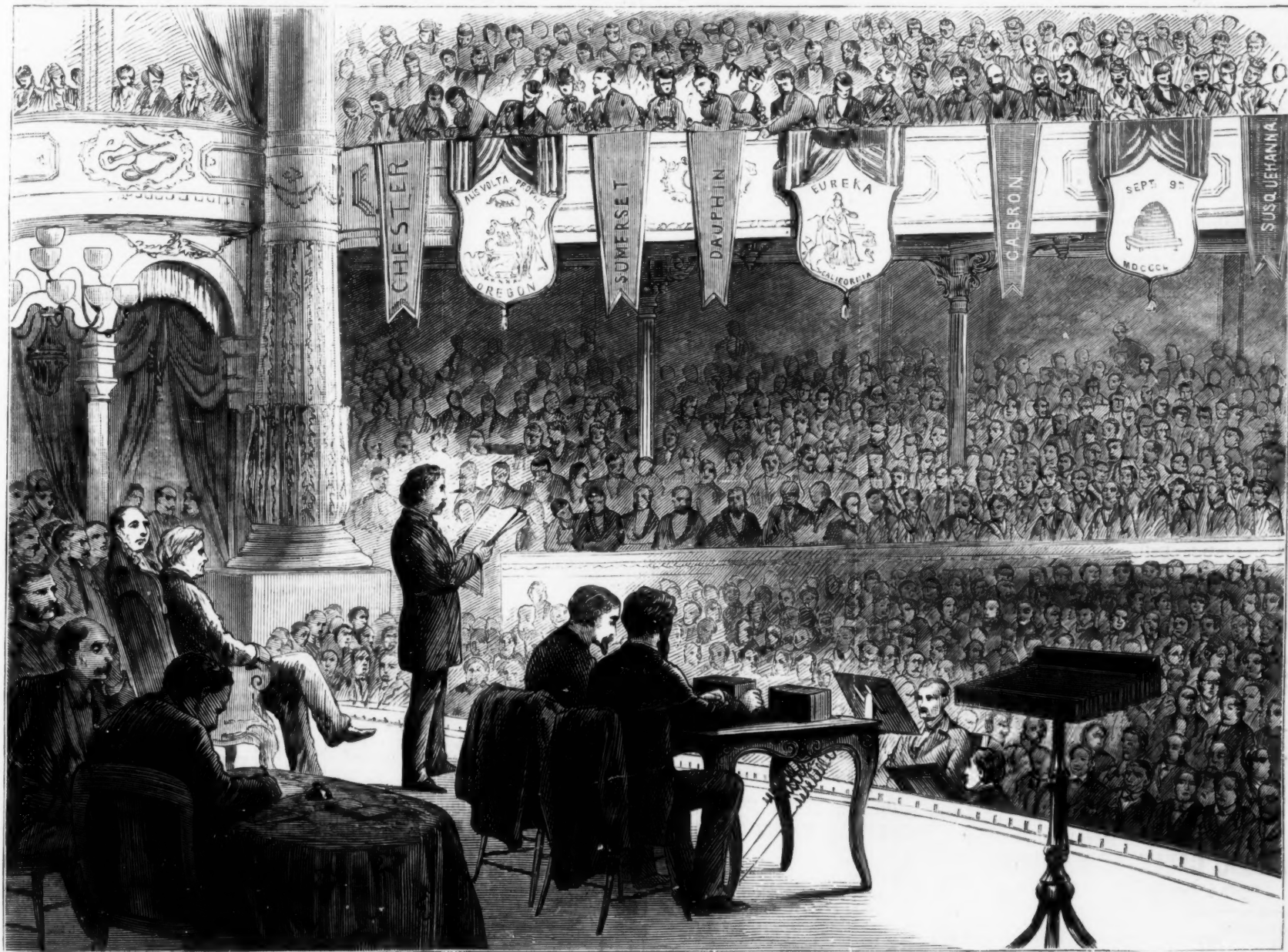
WASHINGTON, D. C.—THE INAUGURATION—THE PRESIDENT LEAVING THE WHITE HOUSE FOR THE CAPITOL.



WASHINGTON, D. C.—THE INAUGURATION—ARRIVAL OF THE PRESIDENT UNDER THE WEST WING OF THE CAPITOL.



NEW YORK CITY.—THE DEPARTURE OF FATHER BURKE FOR ROME, ON THE 22D OF FEBRUARY.—SCENE ON BOARD THE STEAMSHIP "CITY OF PARIS."



PENNSYLVANIA.—MEETING OF THE CENTENNIAL COMMITTEE AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, PHILADELPHIA.

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Infants' Wardrobe "C" for \$125.

2 Flannel Bands.....	\$0.62	\$1.25
2 Barrow Coats.....	2.50	5.00
2 Flannel Skirts, Embroidered.....	5.00	15.00
2 Cambric ".....	2.00	4.00
2 " ".....	3.00	6.00
6 Linen Shirts.....	1.00	6.00
6 Night Dresses.....	2.50	15.00
2 Day Dresses.....	5.00	10.00
6 Shirts.....	3.00	18.00
1 Child's Wrapper.....		1.50
1 Robe.....		9.00
1 Basket, completely furnished.....		10.00
6 Pairs Kidney gloves.....	0.75	4.50
1 Embroidered Merino Shawl.....		5.50
1 Val. Lace Cap.....		7.50
1 Eureka Diaper.....		1.00
20 Linen ".....		2.50
1 Rubber Bib.....		0.50
3 Quilted Bibs.....	0.75	2.25

\$125.00

The whole or any single article of the above outfit may be had upon application, or will be sent C. O. D. by Express. Every article is made in the best manner and from the best materials. Wardrobe "A" for \$75, and "B" for \$100.

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The use of cold water does not involve such violent shocks as is generally supposed. There is no discomfort attending the process; but, on the contrary, the sensations produced are of so pleasing a nature as to render the baths the means of real luxury.

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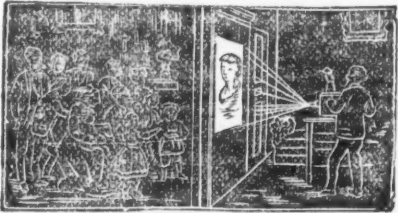
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MONDAYS, WEDNESDAYS, and SATURDAYS, from 9 A. M. to 1 P. M.

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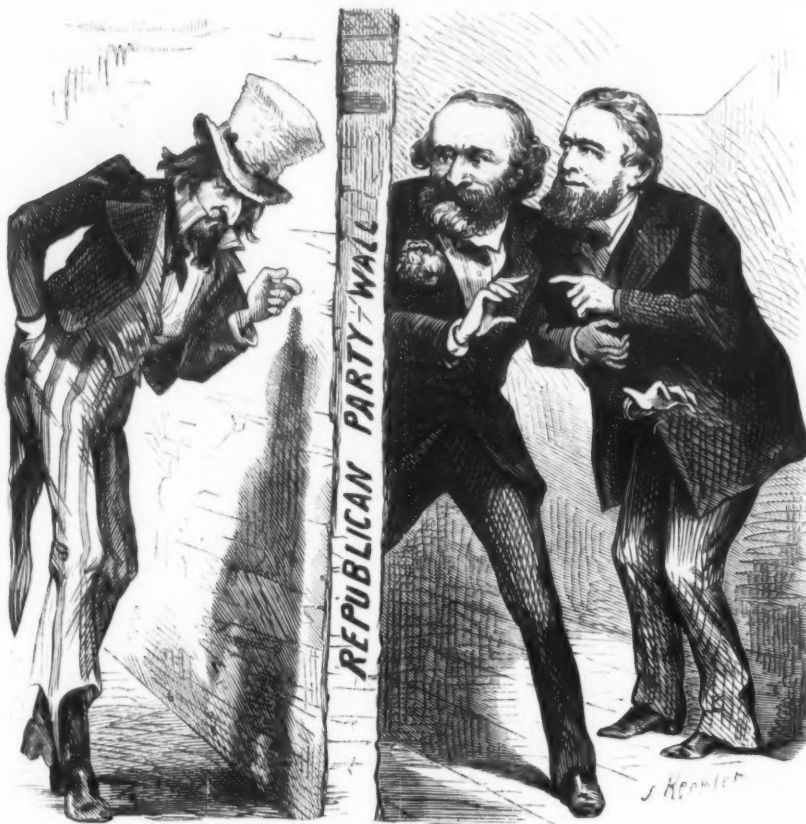
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Has a porte cochere entrance; is above ground, with two box-stalls and two of ordinary size.

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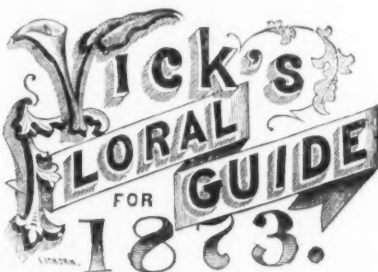
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